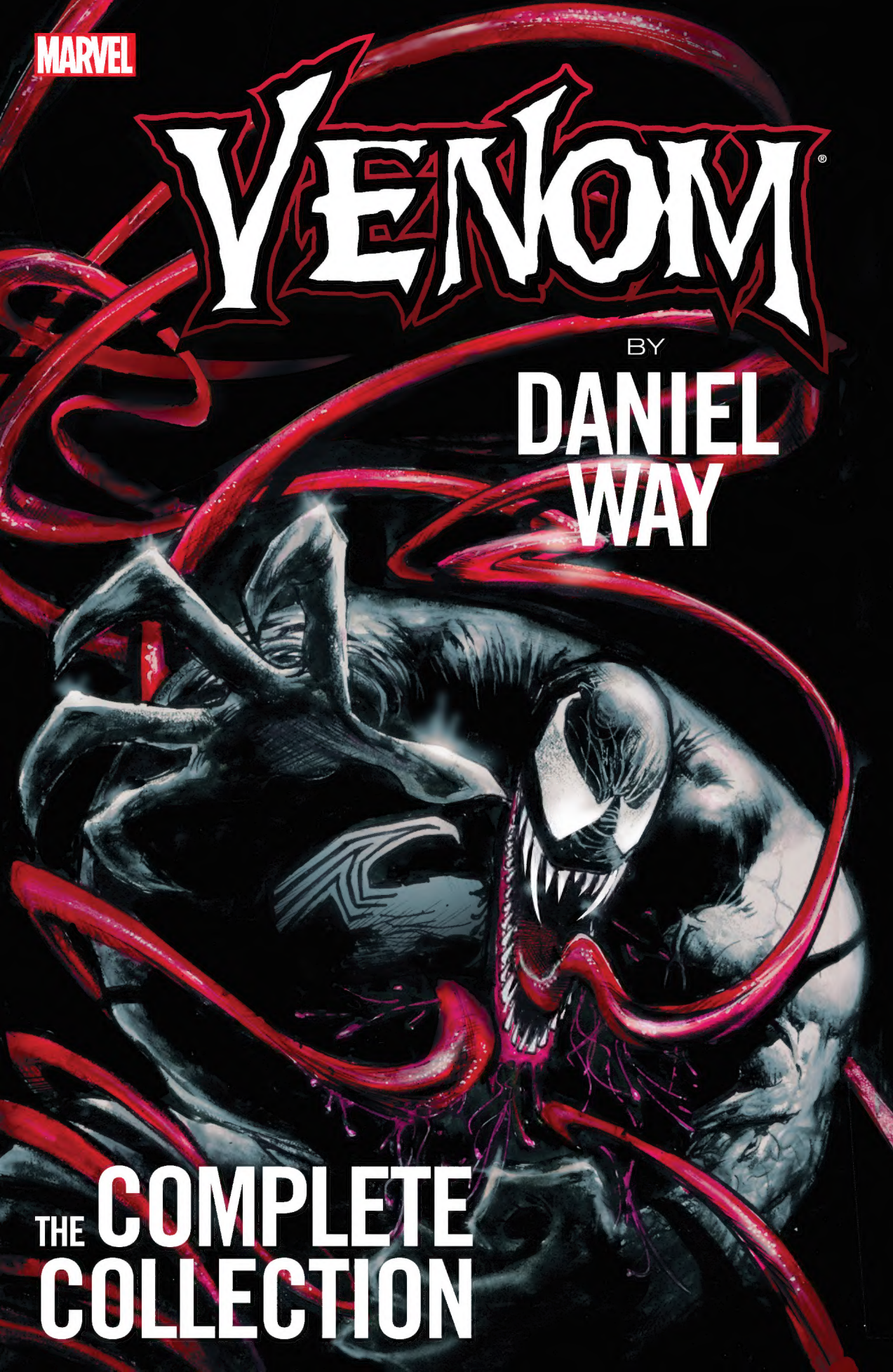
MARVEL
VENOM
BY
DANIEL
WAY
THE COMPLETE
COLLECTION

VENOM

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VENOM

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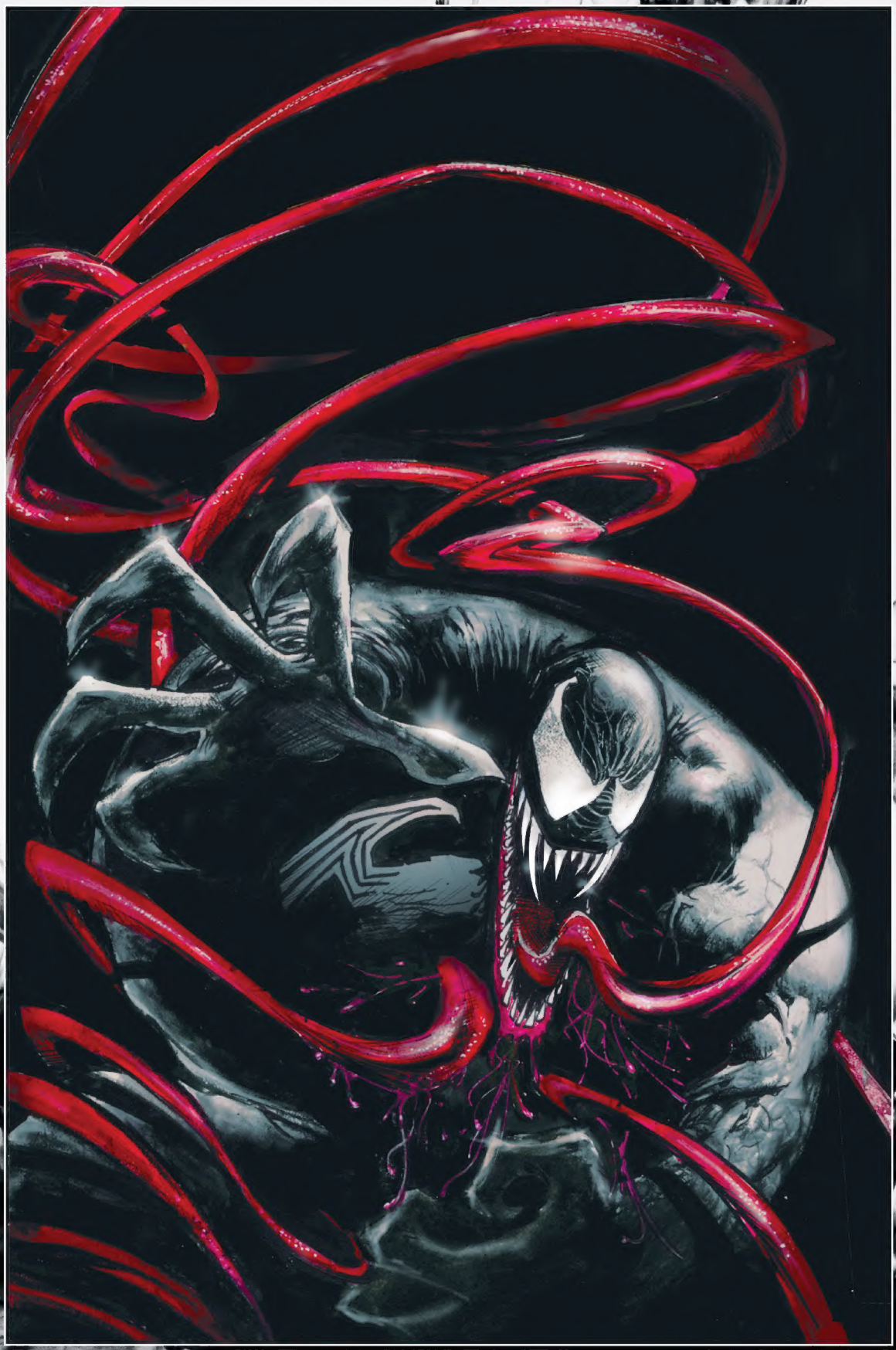


ONE

NORTHERN CANADA:
THIRTY MILES NORTH OF THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.
Believe it or not, I wanted to come here.
I'm a communications specialist in the United States Army. I've been a soldier for six years.
And in all that time, I've never gotten into so much as a heated argument.
I thought the army would give me confidence, help me conquer my fears. All it gave me was a chair and a headset.
I came here to prove something to myself. Unfortunately, it looks like I'm going to have to prove it to my fellow soldiers first.
PRIVATE PROPERTY
THE ARARAT CORPORATION
I don't mind. I can take it.
Because I'm more than just a pretty face.
BZZT!
Hey--it's Robertson... from the radar station.
I brought your movies back.
Y'got any more?
And I can do a lot more than just run errands.

C'mon...
... c'mon...
Oh, that's just perfect... a storm.
This just keeps getting better.
BZZT
Yo! Kinda brisk out here...
HNNNN
Take it easy, Ivan...they're just holdin' out to see if I brought any booze.
?
KRKT
H-help...

SHIVER
PART ONE
Oh, God... please...
...please help me.

Ninety-nine to base-- I think we got a... a situation over here at the civilian lab site, over!
=Krt! Krkt!= Get-- =fffssshhh!=
--ifer Lopez-- =krkt!=
Typical...
Okay, Robertson-- you came here to prove something...
ZZZAPP!
KA CHAK!
... so go prove something.

PRIVATE PROPERTY
THE AAAAAT CORPORATION
HNNNN
Ssshhhh...
... it's gonna be okay.
It's gonna be juuuuust fine.
What the--?
CREEEK
What the heck's all this black stuff?

RRARF!
=Glk!=
Dammit, Ivan!
Don't... don't do that!
I'm nervous enough already... I don't need you makin' it...
...worse--

GYAAAAHH!
Ah! Ah!
AAAAAAHHHHH-Whoop!
OhmyGod...
OhmyGod...
What the hell happened...
... here--?
GYAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

Screw this!
Huh... huh...
Go, dammit! Go!
Please...
Save... me...

Hello?
WHUMP!
U.S. Army-- come on out!
Anyone in here?
Here...
How 'bout you come to me, instead?

Hello?
All right... I'm comin' in.
Any sudden moves, I start shootin'... understand?
Dining Area
CREEEEEEEK!
Oh, my G--

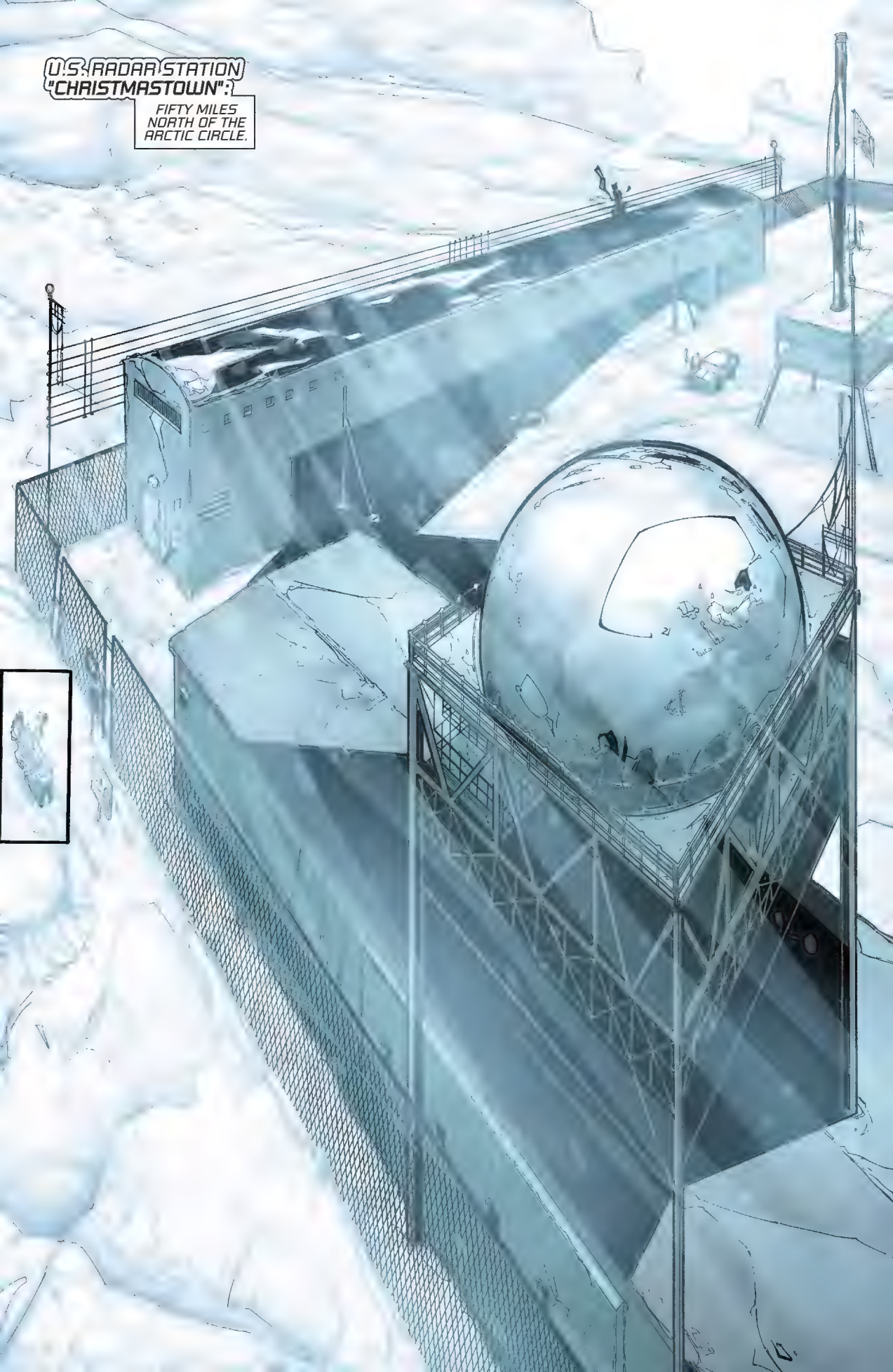
HMJRRGH!

THUMP!
Wha-?
Whoever you are... come out with your hands up. I'm not playin' around here...
WHUMP!
HAH!
Wrong move, buddy...
...I got you--
nyaaaAAAHHHH!

Is--
Is--
Is it... gone?
FWUMP!
Is *what* gone?

Huff...
Huff...
Phew!
All right, boys...
Let's get the hell outta here.
Mush!
Uh, hello...?
That means go!
GRRRRR...
RRUFF! RRRRUFF!

RRUFF!
What the hell are you barking at, Ivan?
As if I haven't been freaked out enough already...
Move!
FWAP!


U.S. RADAR STATION "CHRISTMASTOWN":
FIFTY MILES NORTH OF THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

Hey-- relax, Ivan.
Been actin' weird ever since we left the lab...
GRRR...
Ivan-- I said stop it!
Ungh! C'mon, buddy... let's get you inside.
GRRRRRRLL!
Colonel Malone!
You're not gonna... believe this...
What... no movies?

Jackson, Delacroix... get this civilian squared away.
Robertson? I believe there's something you'd like to tell me...?
They're all dead, sir... all of them.
Okay...
Let's try this again, soldier.
From the top...
Chitarrgo
FRIGOLERO

What's the story back there, Jackson? How's our boy doing?
Hypothermic, shocky-- he's breathin', but he ain't really here, dig? Like a freakin' zombie...
Gotta love that bedside manner. What about you, Robertson? You okay?
Robertson?
Really?
Yeah... I'm okay.
'Cause you don't look okay.
They were... they were mangled, Sir.
Thrown around like... like broken toys.
Yeah, well...
...that's what polar bears'll do.
Polar bears?

That's what it sounds like to me.
Me, too. Ask Saunders about it.
Ask you about what?
Happened to a buddy of mine stationed at an ice-cap out in Greenland-- damn bear wandered into the motor bay and ended up cornered.
Way he told it, there were five armed men, locked an' loaded, ready to handle business-- but when that thing stood up... shoot, they just got the hell outta the way and waited for it to leave on its own.
Somethin' that big an' that strong-- cornered, scared-- if you're standin' between it an' the door... well...
The Arctic is a dangerous place, Robertson... the stakes are a lot higher up here. You can pretty much break every living thing down to two groups: those that eat...
...and those that get eaten.

Yeah... I can see that.
That makes sense.
Well... almost.
You sure our boy over there was the only survivor?
As sure as I can be-- why?
Because if this guy was barricaded in the kitchen, half-frozen and barely able to speak, let alone move...
As soon as he starts speaking, I know what he's gonna say.
...who the hell were you talkin' to on the intercom?
And I think that I may have just made a very, very bad mistake.
Colonel! Get in here, quick!

What the hell's wrong with this guy?
Looks like he's havin' some kinda seizure...
HLK!
I take that back-- I definitely made a very, very bad mistake.
GLLKK!
I shouldn't have brought this man here.
I shouldn't be here.
GYAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!

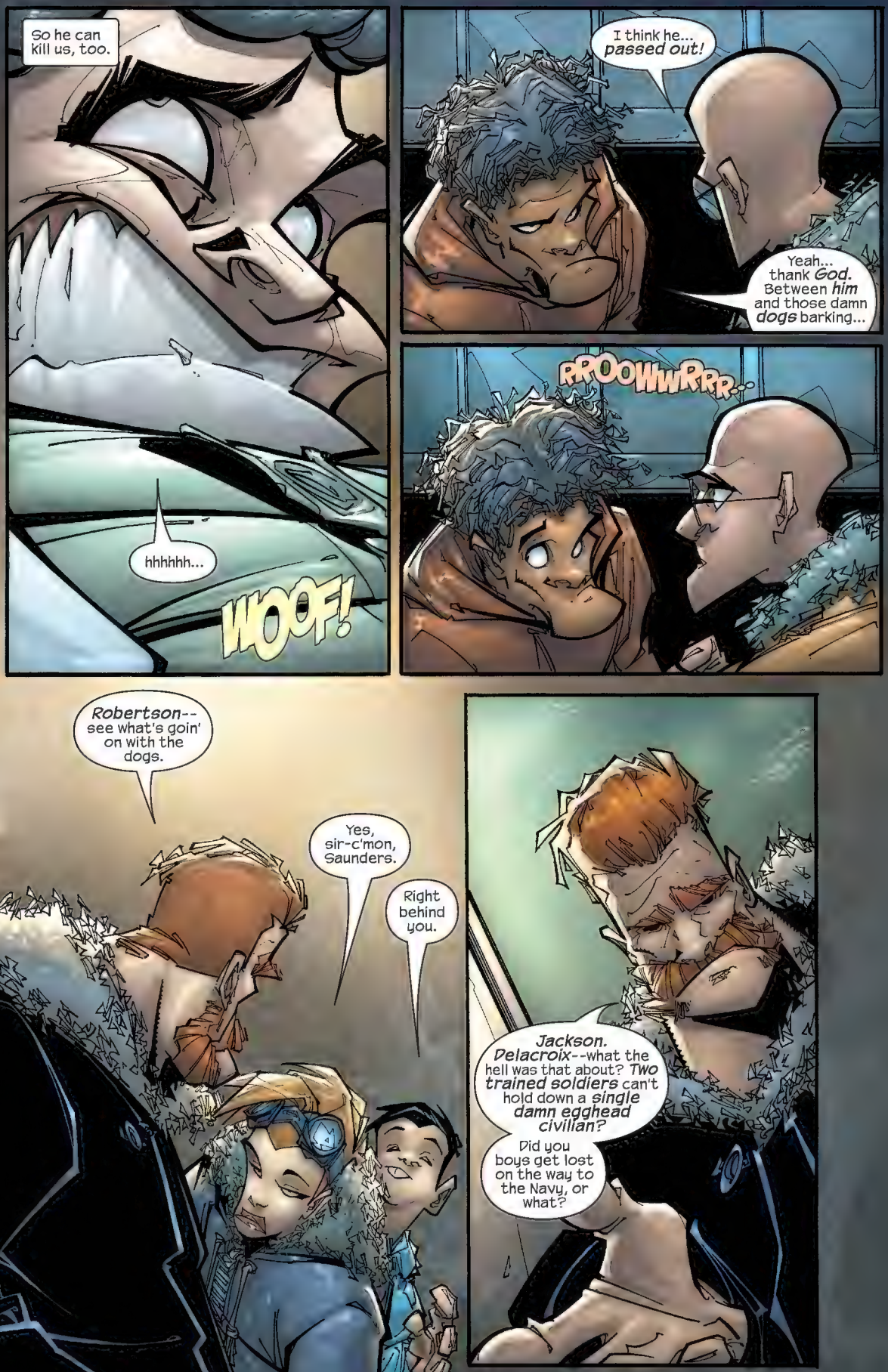
TWO

THE ARARAT
RESEARCH CENTER
LAB

SHIVER
PART TWO
BLIP!
BLIP!
BLIP!
BLIP!
BLEEEEEEP!

DEET DEET
I am too late.
It is gone.
Yes -- a military installation in the vicinity.
Perhaps it is not too late to contain the situation.
I agree.
I will run.

U.S. RADAR STATION "CHRISTMAS TOWN"
Something happened at that lab.
Something terrible.
YYAAAAHHHH!
And he's the only one who knows what.
Hey--help me out here--this guy's freakin' the hell out!
WOOF! WOOF!
I shouldn't have brought him here.
Jackson--why are letting that civilian make a mockery of your military training?
And someone shut those damn dogs up!
WOOF! WOOF!
WOOF!
For all I know, he killed everyone at the lab.
He's-he's stronger than he looks!
Aaahh! Aaaaaaahhhhh!
WOOF! WOOF!
And bringing him back here is just what he wants.


So he can kill us, too.
hhhhhh...
WOOF!
I think he... passed out!
Yeah... thank God. Between him and those damn dogs barking...
RROOWWRRR...
Robertson-- see what's goin' on with the dogs.
Yes, sir-c'mon, Saunders.
Right behind you.
Jackson. Delacroix--what the hell was that about? Two trained soldiers can't hold down a single damn egghead civilian?
Did you boys get lost on the way to the Navy, or what?

Well, that was freaky...you think that lab guy's gone crazy?
I wouldn't blame him if he did.
You should've seen that lab, Saunders...
...it was a slaughterhouse.
I'll take your word for--
Aw, no...
Hnnnnn...
Ivan!

Hold on, baby...
Hey-hey! Relax, fellas... It's okay! Lemme through!
Hey! Get back here!
He's alive!
Thank, God!
Let's get 'im outta here--bring 'im inside.
You got it.

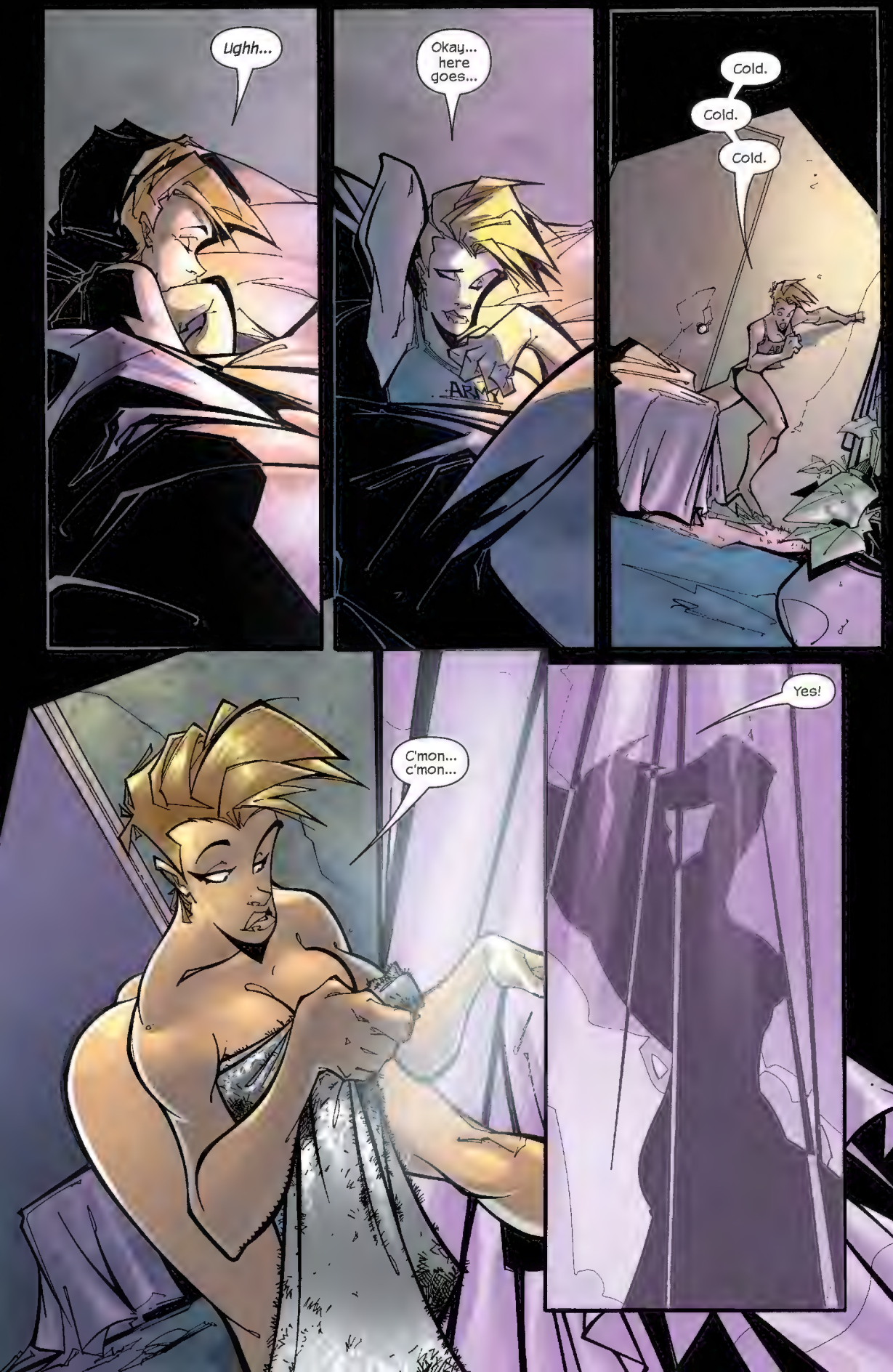
Hey, what about the other dogs...?
They'll come back when they get hungry... hurry up!
Aw, man... he's drip--
What?
He's what?
Nothin'... it's nothin'.
For god's sake, Saunders...
...don't scare me like that!

Jackson-- you know anything about taking care of sick dogs?
'Bout as much as I know about taking care of spastic research scientists...
What happened?
Just... *please* help him.
I dunno, but the rest of the pack sure is *spooked* about it...they didn't want to be anywhere *near* him.
Well, he's *conscious*...almost looks like some kind of *catatonic state*.
You don't think it's, like, *rabies* or nothin'... *do* ya?
No way, Delacroix... rabies gets around through a chain of hosts, which it eventually *destroys*. Up here in the *Arctic*, there's not enough hosts to *make* a chain--everything's too *far apart*.
Tell 'im, Saunders...

Wh-- why me?
'Cuz you grew up on a farm, right?
Oh.
Yeah.
A farm.
Yeah.
Awright-- I've had about enough of this for one day-- Jackson, you keep an eye on that civilian an' let me know when he comes to. Everybody else, bunk down for the night...
...except you, Saunders-- contact Greenland station an' tell 'em we need a civilian evac. Probably won't be able to get a signal-- what with this storm ridin' up-- but we're obligated to at least try.
Any suggestions for Ol' Yeller, here?
I'm kinda in the dark here, sir-- I figure we'll just keep 'im inside, keep 'im warm... and hope for the best.
I'm sorry, Robertson--I'm... I'm just not trained for this kinda thing.
I know, I know...
...just do what you can.
G'night, sweetie...you're gonna be okay, I promise.
Lights out in ten, people-- I wanna keep the generator nice and charged...

"I got a bad feelin' about this storm."
Yeah?
What the hell do you want?

Whoah--
hey...take
it easy...


Ughh...
Okay... here goes...
ARMY
Cold.
Cold.
Cold.
C'mon... c'mon...
Yes!

Mornin'.
Mornin'.
I made bacon.
Yeah, I see...solid work there, soldier.
Just like *your mama* used to make.
The *civvy's* up and about.
You mean... that guy from the *research lab?* Where is he?
Under the table.
Been there all morning.
Hidin' over there...

He said anything?
Nope.
I'll tell ya what he did, though-- he scared the livin' crap outta me last night while I was on monitor duty... little jerk snatched the mic off the table, keyed it a few times, then took off runnin'.
I think he's... you know...
Crazy as hell?
You got it.
So, what do we do...should we question him? Or, like, quarantine him, maybe?
This is the Army, Robertson... it's up to Malone to make those kind of decisions.
By the way-- have you seen Malone?
He doesn't know yet? Malone told you to notify him as soon as that guy woke up!
I haven't been able to find 'im.
Actually, other than our friend over there, you're the only person I've seen all morning.
That's kinda spooky...

BOO.
Where's the survivor?
U-under the table, sir.
You two get outta here.
But... *Why,* sir? I'm curious to--
Because I am your commanding officer, that's why!
Let's go check on Ivan.
Geez-- what crawled up *his* butt?
Your guess is as good as mine...

Ivan's outside?
Yeah...he woke me up this morning, whinin' and yippin'. He must've really had to go to the bathroom...
...'cause he almost knocked the door down tryin' to get the hell outta here.
I'm kinda glad to get out, too... I've been gettin' this really creepy vibe all morning.
Like somethin's... just not right, y'know?
Get used to it, Robertson... the arctic is a creepy place.
Now go say "hi" to your dog.
Ivan!
Ivan...?
Hnnnn!

What'cha doin', boy?
Grrrr...
Take it easy, boy-- it's gonna be okay...
Wait a minute--Oh, no... his mouth is bleeding.
Lemme take a look...
He's got somethin' in there.
What, like a mouse or something?
No...it looks like--
Oh, $%€#!
It's a finger--
AAAAAAHHHH!

In here!
Get--get away! Aaaaaahhhh!
Look out!
WHACK!
Jackson! Oh, $#%*... wake up! Are you--
It...it's here...
Oh my God, it's here!

What's here --what're you talkin' about?
It's gonna kill us all...we're all dead. You're dead...
What's gonna kill us? What happened at the research lab?
We didn't know-- we thought we could contain it...
Contain...
..."it"?
They were working on something at that lab.
Something that they lost control of.
And it killed them all.
All but one.
Which it left alive for a reason.
I...
I didn't think it would...
Follow me...
It didn't...

...It followed *me*.
HHSSSSSHH!

THREE

All my life, I've suffered from nightmares of--***things***--shambling out of the dark, coming to ***get*** me. Reaching out, trying to ***catch*** me.

My parents took me to a psychiatrist who said my nightmares were symptomatic of my ***insecurities*** and that they'd eventually go away as I ***grew older.***

I'm now twenty-four years old, and I still have them. Every night. The only time they go away is when I ***wake up.***

You would think that a lifetime's worth of training would've prepared me for this.

It hasn't. I'm completely helpless.

My nightmare is finally going to catch me, and there's nothing I can do to stop it.

Because I'm not going to ***get*** any older.

And I'm never going to wake up again.

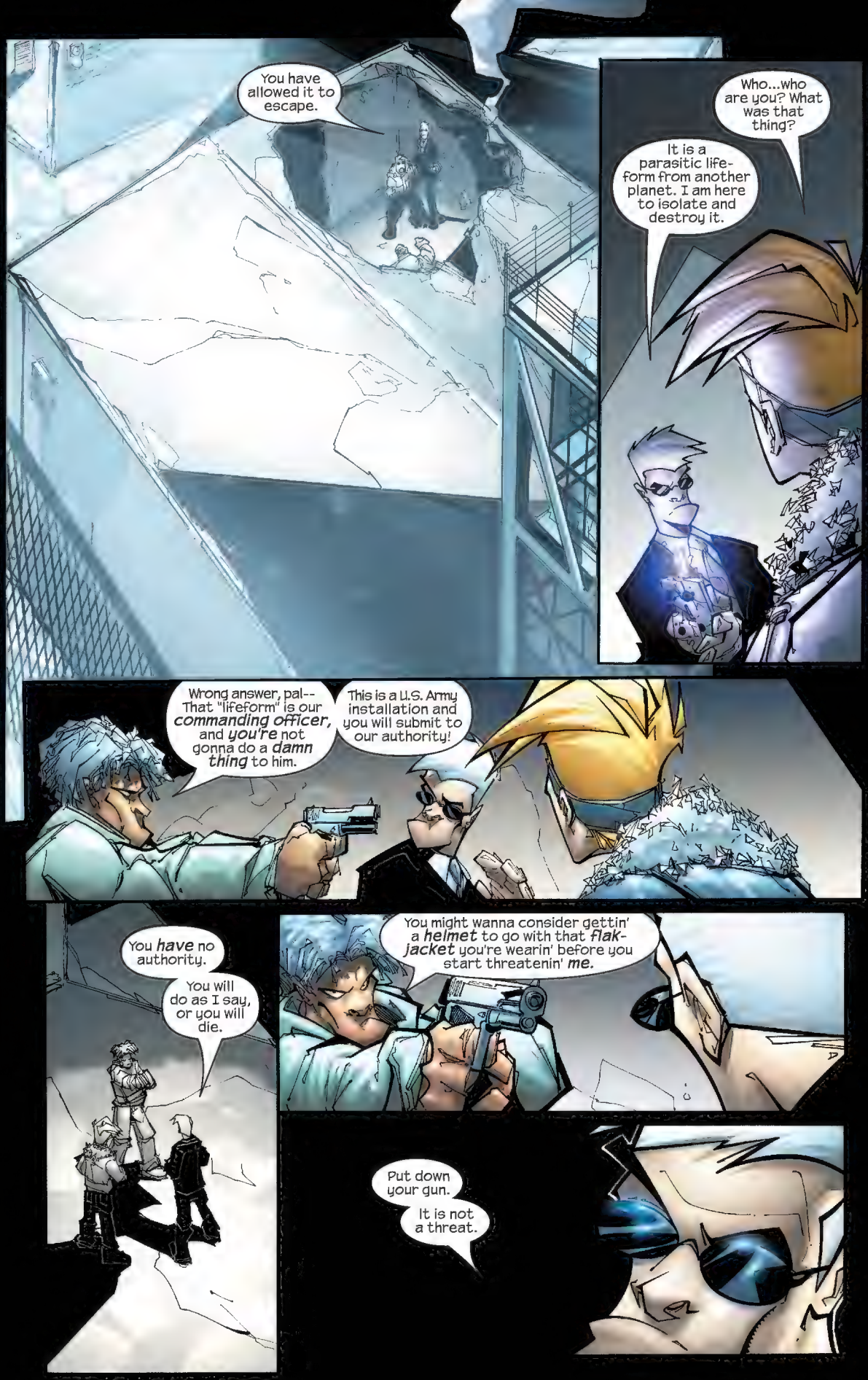
SHIVER PART THREE

AH!
FZZAAKT!
HSSSHHHH!

CHZAT!
The creature will recover in seconds.
I advise you to run very quickly.
The force required to terminate the creature has been projected to be fatal to all carbon-based organisms within a thirty-foot blast radius.
You are wasting time. You cannot help them.
But I...
...I can't leave them to die.
That is admirable.
Such conviction is very rare among your species.
SSSHHHH!

SKREEEEEEEE!
Gather your comrades and evacuate the immediate area. I have only enough energy for one more assault.
I cannot further allow my concerns for your safety to delay completion of my objective.
Leave, or be destroyed along with the creature.
ROBERTSON... PLEASE...
PLEASE DON'T LET HIM KILL ME...
What the heck is going--
Malone!

BLAM
BLAM
ZAAKK!
You have made a terrible mistake.


You have allowed it to escape.
Who...who are you? What was that thing?
It is a parasitic life-form from another planet. I am here to isolate and destroy it.
Wrong answer, pal-- That "lifeform" is our *commanding officer*, and *you're* not gonna do a *damn thing* to him.
This is a U.S. Army installation and you will submit to our authority!
You *have* no authority.
You will do as I say, or you will die.
You might wanna consider gettin' a *helmet* to go with that *flak-jacket* you're wearin' before you start threatenin' *me*.
Put down your gun.
It is not a threat.

The life-form is able to jump from host to host, mimicking that host's appearance and mannerisms, while draining the host-body of vital fluids. The result is death for the host.
Unchecked, it will move on to larger population centers, growing both more powerful and more difficult to isolate.
Thanks for the briefing... I'll be sure to pass it on to H.Q.
Now drop the weapon.
Just gimme the word, Jackson...
Where you been, Delacroix?
...you can explain later.
Around.
Hey! Lower your weapon now, dammit!
You got two seconds!
VVVVMMMM
You must assume that any potential hosts have been compromised.
Jackson...?
CLICK
Two.

BLANG!
Wh- why'd you do that!
I was doing my duty, Robertson-- he threatened a fellow officer.
What the hell's goin' on-- who was that, anyway?
I dunno... but I'm hoping Robertson's *scientist* friend can help us out.
Uh, guys... there he goes...
huff!
huff!
huff!
Hey--*get back here!*

Delacroix--go find 'im and bring 'im back.
Roger that.
Robertson and I'll go track down Saunders.
We'll regroup back here at... oh-seven-thirty.
I don't think this is a good idea, Jackson...
You got a better one?
This is S.O.P., Robertson--stick to the plan, an' don't fall apart on me!
Fine.
But I'm taking this guy's phone or gun or... whatever it is.
It is not...a gun.

Ohmygod!
It is a conductor.
ZZZKKT!

KLAK!
DEET-DEET-DEET
I have lost the element of surprise.
It knows that I am here.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!
Confirmed.
It has located transportation.

BLIP! BLIP! BLIP! BLIP!
BLIP! BLIP! BLIP! BLIP!
BEEEEEEP!
WHY HAVE YOU COME FOR ME?

I have come to destroy you.
I know what you are.
YEAH...AND WE KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU.
YOU'RE NO BETTER THAN WE ARE.
That is arguable.
HEH-HEH...
VROOOOOOOOOOHH
WANNA ARGUE?
No.
KZAAAAKT!

KSSHHH!
SKLRT!

CRUNCH
THESE HUMANS...THEY'RE NOT VERY STURDY...
IF IT MAKES YOU FEEL ANY BETTER, HE'S BEEN DEAD FOR QUITE A WHILE.

NOT LIKE US.
SSSHHHLLAAAKKK!

Unhh...
Where... where are we?
We're in the dry storage room. Are you okay?
I...I think so. But there's something wrong with my hands--
Oh, no...
Ohgodohgod--pleaselemmego!
Hey-- stop it! You're just makin' it tighter!
Relax, okay?
But...
...what if that thing comes back?

I think that's the plan.
What do you mean? Whose plan?
The guy in the suit.
Whoever-- or whatever-- he is...he's usin' us as bait.
But why would he--?
He said that thing feeds off of us, right? Well, here we are--like cheese in a mousetrap.
Well, at least that means he's here somewhere...
And that makes you feel better? D'you really think he cares whether or not we live or die? I mean--
Yes, Jackson, I do...because he already saved our lives once, while you were knocked out cold.
Look, I stared that thing in the face--it's not gonna stop, it's not gonna go away and the only person who seems to know anything about destroying it is the guy in the suit.
But--
But what, Jackson? In either case, the fact of the matter is this: our only chance of getting out of here alive...

"...is *him*."

FOUR

Jackson?
Jackson?
Hnn-- guh!
Hhh...
...anybody?

Relax... I'm awake.
Good...uh, see if you can help me with this damn knot--I think I've worked some slack into it.
Once we get loose, we'll regroup with the rest of the team and--
Hey, Robertson...?
I, uh... think I should tell you something about the rest of the team:
THEY'RE DEAD.
How...how do you know that?

SHIVER
PART FOUR
BECAUSE I KILLED THEM.

Who... are you?
I DON'T KNOW.
I USED TO KNOW WHAT I WAS. BUT NOW...
NOW I AM... SOMETHING ELSE.
Are you... going to kill me, too?
NO...
...NOT YET.
B-because you I-like me...?
YES...
YES, I DO LIKE YOU...
...AND THAT'S WHY I'M GOING TO DO YOU A FAVOR...

... I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A HEAD START.
Huh?
RUN.
AHHH!
FWAPP!

READY OR NOT...
HERE I COME!
Please...
YESSS... THAT'S IT, ROBERTSON:
BEG.
PLEAD.

I CAN HEAR YOUR LITTLE HEART...I CAN FEEL IT RACING, PUMPING FEAR THROUGHOUT YOUR BODY.
I CAN SMELL IT LEAKING THROUGH YOUR SKIN.
IT'LL GO AWAY, PATRICIA— I'M GOING TO TAKE IT ALL AWAY.
HWUK!
I'M GOING TO SQUEEZE OUT EVERY...
...LAST...
...DROP.
Put 'er down,now, dammit!
Or I swear to God I'll blow your brains out!

Okay, okay...fine. Relax, Delacroix.
Jackson? What the hell--?
SHLAKK!
MMF!
DECISIONS, DECISIONS...

Hhuuuuhhh
:kaff: :kaff:
I'M GOING TO TEAR HIM APART FROM THE INSIDE, ROBERTSON.
MFF--!
HE'LL BEG ME TO KILL HIM... AND I WILL, OF COURSE.
BUT SLOWLY.
I'M TELLING YOU THIS BECAUSE I WANT YOU TO THINK ABOUT IT AND KNOW THAT, WHEN I'M DONE WITH HIM...
...I'M COMING FOR YOU.

C'mon, Robertson... you can do this...
You can do this.

You can do this, Robertson.
You can do--
SQULCH!
This...

SHAK-
SHAK!
KRAK!!

NO...
NNOOOO--

Dead.
All dead. I'm all alone.
NO...
YOU'RE NOT.

PHUNT!
Oh, $#@$.
HEH-HEH...
HEH...
SSSSSSSSSSSSS
PLOP!

BOOOOM!

UNGH

SLAM!
They're not coming.

They're jamming the signal...they want me to die. It'll be easier that way.
They're sealing us off.
KARLA C.
Shut up.
You have two seconds to prove that you're human.
One...
HUUUUGGGHH
Okay. Good enough.

Who is sealing us off? What is that thing?
It..it doesn't matter. We're gonna die. No one's gonna save me.
TELL ME!
SMACK!
Tell me everything!
I-it's not my fault! I...I wasn't the only one! I was part of a team!
I don't know everything!
Then tell me what you do know.

Then he starts talking.
He tells me what it is.
And what it's doing.
And why.
And I've never been so scared in all my life.

Or so angry.
You stupid...
irresponsible...
$#@*!

FIVE

DZZT!
SHIVER
PART FIVE

DZZZT!
DZZZT!
DZZZT!
DZZZT!
DZZZT!

Now, where were we...

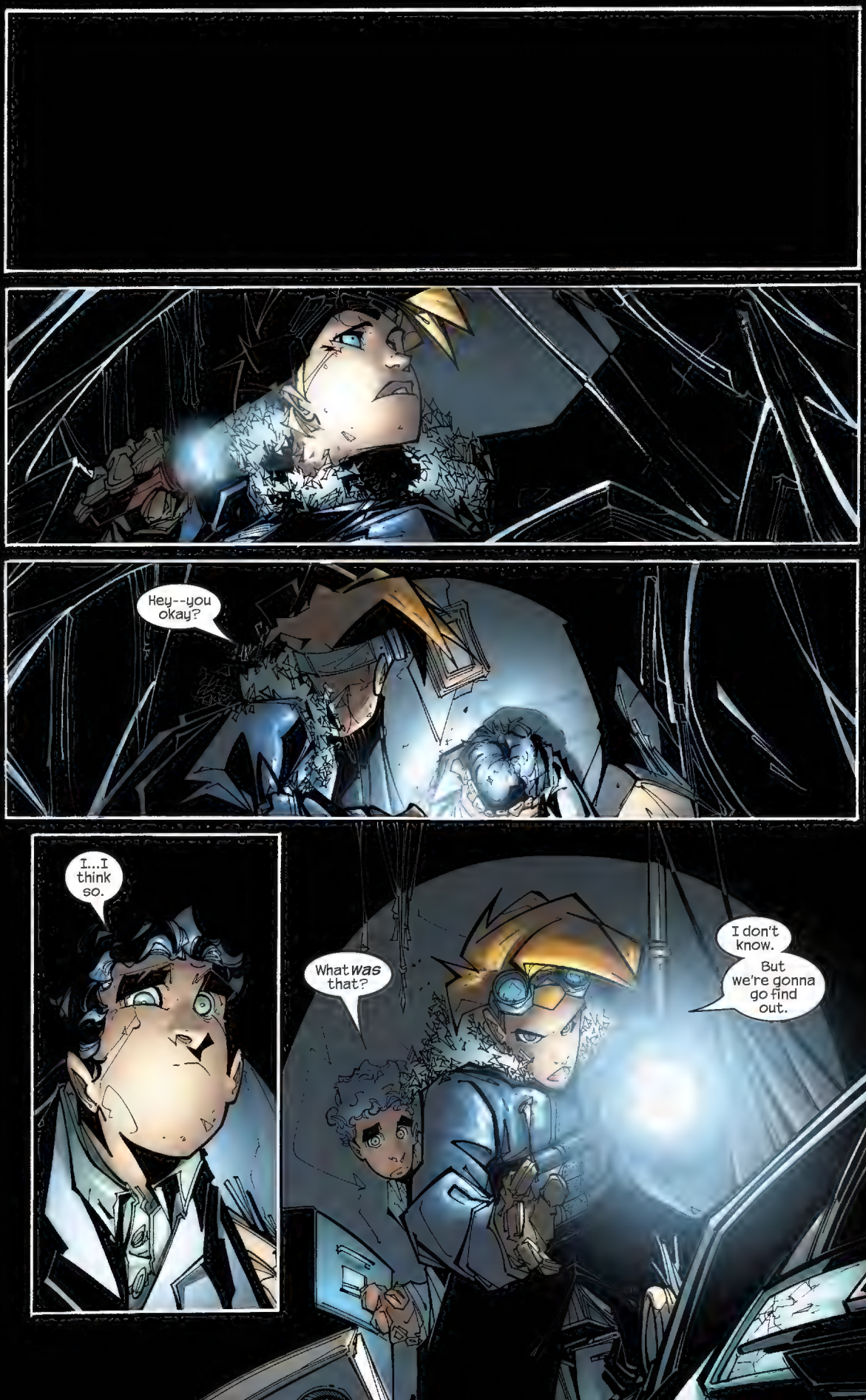
How...
...do I...
...kill it?
Y-you *can't!*
We tested it against everything-- it won't die! The closest we ever came was to force it into a dormant state!
Tell me *how.*
It...it feeds off *living hosts,* okay? So, when you take away its *food supply,* it shuts down to conserve *energy.*
That's why we brought it *here,* to *the Arctic*--that way, if it ever *escaped,* it'd be limited by the environment as to how far it could *go.*
But it *did* escape.
We... *underestimated* it.

You little lowlife--what did you think that monster would do?! Did you even think at all?!
It-it was my job! I had to!
KRACK!
Underestimated it?!
I'm-- I'm sorry!
HURGH!
WHUMP!
Don't... ever...say that to me again.

What if--?
Shut up.
Wait.
The trucks.
We'll take one of the trucks, torch the rest.
We'll strand it here. Let's go.
Y-you mean--out *there*? But what if it's *waiting* for us?
If?
It *is* waiting for us.

Can I have a gun, at least?
No!
Wh-why not?
When I found you, you were locked in that cooler... alone.
Everyone else was piled up outside the door. Everyone else was dead.
You knew what that thing was gonna do, but you decided to save yourself.
You let them die.
If we get outta this alive, I'm gonna make sure that you burn for what you've done. You're a coward and a lowlife.
And I'm not gonna turn my back on you for a sec--

BWOOOM!


Hey--you okay?
I...I think so.
What *was* that?
I don't know.
But we're gonna go find out.

The trucks.
It blew up the trucks.

What... what do we do now?
We're *trapped.*
No...
There's-- there's another way outta here.
But it's *suicide.*
Well--I don't know about *you,* but-- I'm willing to try it...*whatever* it is.
I mean... we're dead *anyway,* right?
Good point.
Let's go.
We gotta move fast. If that *thing* is trying to trap us, then--
That is incorrect.

The creature wants to escape. The last thing it would do is eliminate a possible escape route.
I destroyed the vehicles to keep it here.
What're you waiting for--shoot him! He's--he's part of this whole thing, I know it! Shoot him!
Jackson already did.
Point blank.
In the head.
He's lying! Shoot him before it's too late!
Yes, he did. I do not expect you to believe me, but I have come from a planet far away on a mission to destroy this creature. If I fail, you and the entirety of your race will die.
I am not lying. You must not believe what that man is telling you.
Why not?
Because.
He is not a man.

Not anymore.
AAAHHHH!

Calm down... your fear stimulates the creature.
How... how did it--
The creature is an accomplished mimic. Its race has survived for eons through its ability to remain camouflaged. It is almost impossible to contain.
Th-there are *more* of these?
Millions.
But none like this.
Wh-what's it *doing?* Why isn't it attacking us?
The host organism has died.
Once it has expelled the carcass it will jump.
Prepare yourself.

Prepare myself... for what?
I cannot allow it to assume another host
You must trust m--
NOO!
FZZAKK!

SQUIK!
This is regrettable.
HSSSSSSS
I will delay the creature, but you must now do as I say, quickly and calmly.
Kill the--
KRAKK!

DIE YOU &$%*^$!
BRAKK-AKK-AKK-AKK
BUT I'M HAVING SO...
...MUCH...
...FUN!
OH, YES...
...MY FAVORITE GAME.

I LET YOU RUN...
AND JUST WHEN YOU THINK YOU'VE GOTTEN AWAY...
...YOU REALIZE THAT I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU.
Oh--
OOF--!
No!
NOOOOO!
BRAKK-AKK-AKK-AKK
CLIK

CLIK CLIK CLIK
--Where?
RRAOF! RRAOF! RRAOF!
RRAOF! RRAOF! RRAOF
The dogs...

RRARF!
RAOOOOOHHH-!
NOOO!

It's... gone.
Yes.
And yet you remain.
ZZZZAAKKK!
DEET DEET DEET
I have failed...

"...it has broken containment.
"I will, of course, follow.
"Agreed--its resourcefulness is rivaled only by its ferocity.
"There is no doubt that, left unchallenged, it will eventually kill every living thing on this planet."

SIX

RUN

Mmmm...
AHHHH!
UUFFF!
Wh-what--?
You should eat.

Where am I?
Approximately seventy miles south-southeast of the radar installation where you were stationed.
Wh-why?
We must intercept the creature before it reaches civilization. If it achieves vehicular transportation, it may be impossible to stop.
Eat this.
No, I mean...I... didn't you shoot me?
Yes.
We must move quickly.

I--I need to contact my superiors, let them know what's going on...
No.
You must not tell anyone about the creature or about my presence here. It is important that this situation be handled quickly and without interference.
Situation?! That-- that thing killed my friends! It tried to kill me! And now it's on the loose, trying to get to civilization where it can do the same thing to someone else!
To--to everyone else!
And I am absolutely sure that the U.S. military could do a helluva lot better than you did at stopping the damn th--
FZZZAAKK!

DEET
DEET
DEET
TARGET LOCATED

BLEEP
POSSIBLE HOST ORGANISM: SCANNING FOR CONTAGION

RRWWAAAWWRR!
SCANNING COMPLETED:
NIL THREAT
Hrn?
FWASH!
I will tolerate no further interference.

VVVVMMMMMM
FZZZZ
VVVVMMMMMM
VVVVMMMMMM

VVVMMMMMMM

Nope... negative contact.
No big deal.
We'll find it sooner or later.
It's not like we don't know where it's going...

DZZZT
BEEP BEEP
The situation has become more complicated.
There are others now searching for the creature.
...Yes, I understand. We will reach the settlement before dawn. I fear that the creature will have already become entrenched by then, though.
...Yes, I have a contingency plan.

VOICI, NORTHWEST TERRITORIES
"...Yes, I know where it is going."
Open up, Orrie! It's Clem!
C'mon in, Clem...
Took ya long enough! What'cha doin' in here?
Just killin' time 'til you showed up.

I hope you fellas brought plenty o' money, 'cuz I'm feelin' lucky tonight!
Well, if that's your *poker-face*, I think you might be in for some disappointment.
Where *is* everybody?
They're all in the back.
So ya started *without* me?
Naw, Clem--we wouldn't do that. I mean...
...you're the life of the party!

exo
Hey, Clem?

You still feeling lucky?

Nuh... nuh...
FWOP!
Come on, Clam...
I know you've got one good scream in you.
AAAAIIIEEE!

VVRRRRRRNNNNNN!
A full tank of gas, a beautiful evening...
Let's go paint the town red.

BOB'S
BAR
Can I, uh...get you somethin' to drink?
Water.
Sure ya don't want some scotch in there...?
Just water.
Heh... thirsty, huh?
More.

How many people live in this settlement?
Settlement... y'mean here in *Voici?* Oh, I dunno...maybe a ***hundred, hundred-fifty.*** Mostly loggers an' pipeline workers.
Ain't exactly the kinda place to raise a family, y'know?
You two ain't from around here, ***are*** ya?
How'd you guess?

I just know these things.

SEVEN

What's got yah so down d'ere, Clem? Yah lookin' like yah jus' los' yah bes' friend d'ere!
NANA'S
FOOD HOUSE
Four eggs runny, double bacon--up!
Well, Yooper...it ain't good.
Looks like I went an' got some kinda alien stuck to me. Darn thing wants to kill everybody.
Eat 'em, too, I think...or at least parts of 'em. An' I don't think I'm gonna be able to do anything about it, neither.
Ah--yah almost got me d'ere, eh! Had me t'inkin' yah might'a got crazy wit' da cabin fever!
Yah hear dat, Nan? Clem d'ere says he's an alien gonna kill us all an' eat us!

But says you ain't got nuttin' t'worry about 'cuz he's on a low-fat diet an' you're da fattest t'ing he ever seen!
HA-HA-HAAAAAAA!
Wh-- what...?
Ah, heck, Nan...

RUN
PART TWO
Yah know I didn't *mean* nuttin' by it, eh?

AAAAAHHHHHHH!
KKAKK-AKK-AKK-AKK-AKK-AKK
-AKK-AKK-AKK-AKK-AKK
KRAK!
Negative contact.
You got anything, Frankie?
Nothing yet, Vic. It must still be in the diner--oh, wait...

SLAM!
Huff... huff...
Huff... huff...huff...
'Nyuff... huff...
...I got some action.
GAS
CAUTION

CHINK!
What the--?
Who?
KLOPP!

Unghh...
URRK!
One word...
One sound...
...And I'll gut you like a fish.
Move this finger if you understand.
Good...
Now...once for yes, twice for no.

Is it just the two of you--?

AH!
Frankie-- report! What's going on back there?
Contact! I repeat: CONTACT!
It's right here, Vic! And so is the guy from the bar--the mutant!
Wolverine!
Calm down and follow the protocol, Frankie! We've trained for this!
I can't-- the collar is broken!

Repeat: my collar is broken!
Oh, $%^&! Hold on--I'm moving to the flank position!
ZAKK!

BEEP BEEP

Contact-- it is here.
Be advised: unanticipated forces have made their presence and intent known. They are armed, trained and seemingly well-informed...

"...They are here for the creature, as well."
SNIKT!
SSS-KLAK!
Ungh!
HEH-HEH...
THAT'S NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE...

You're not Eddie...I can *tell*.
I don't know *what* you are.
But I'm gonna assume you came here lookin' for me...
So... here I am.
NO, ACTUALLY... I *DIDN'T* COME HERE FOR YOU. BUT I'M DEFINITELY GLAD THAT I *FOUND* YOU.
BECAUSE I *DO* KNOW... WHAT *YOU* ARE.
AND WE'RE BOTH TALKING TOO MUCH.

NO, NO... YOU'RE DOING IT ALL WRONG!
SLASH!
SWAK!
SHLOKK!
WHAT A WASTE...
YOU'RE AN INCREDIBLE DISAPPOINTMENT, DO YOU KNOW THAT?
SMACK!
LOOK AT YOU...YOU'RE JUST AN ANGRY LITTLE MAN...
HWWOOFF!

...WITH SHARP LITTLE KNIVES.
ISN'T THAT RIGHT?
I KNOW, I KNOW--IT'S HARD TO FACE THE TRUTH. BUT DON'T WORRY...
BECAUSE SOON YOU'RE GOING TO BE SO MUCH MORE...
SO MUCH MORE THAN YOU COULD EVER BE...
...ALONE.

RRRAAAAHHHHRRR!
OHH... LOOK AT YOU. SCARY.
I HOPE YOU REALIZE...
SLASH!
...YOU'RE JUST MAKING ME HUNGRIER.

Ooohh...
Get up, Robertson.
Get up...
...and run.
SNAP!
Looks like we have something in common--we're both lost.
Which in no way, of course...
...makes you my friend.

U.S. Army! Lie down on the--
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
Okay...we'll do it your way...
SNAP!
YAAHH--?
Nice try, cutie-pie.
Waitaminute...
...I know you.
You're supposed to be dead.

BEEP
BEEP
BEEP
Be advised: a new factor has entered into the equation...
Isolation and termination of the lifeform may be problematic at this time...

"...Preliminary scans indicate that it has engaged a mutant humanoid."
PLEASE DON'T STOP
DON'T GIVE UP NOW...
I never give up.
And I never quit.
I KNOW-- THAT'S WHY I WANT YOU SO MUCH.
BECAUSE ONCE I HAVE YOU...
...I'LL NEVER GO HUNGRY AGAIN.
Target locked--

FZAKK!!
FWUMP

EIGHT

RUN
PART THREE

FZAKT!
What the--
K-POW!
K-POW!
KLAK!
KLUD!
Ah!
Oh $@#! What are you?
KLOK!
UNNH!
You shouldn't have stopped to pick up the gun.
Oh, yeah-- why?
CLICK
Because it's empty...
Oh, $^%#!

I WANTED HIM...
I am aware of that fact. That is why I rendered him useless.
HE'LL HEAL— AND WHEN HE DOES...

It is all the time I need.
Too many have died. Too many have suffered. It is time to end this.
Good idea.
K-POW!

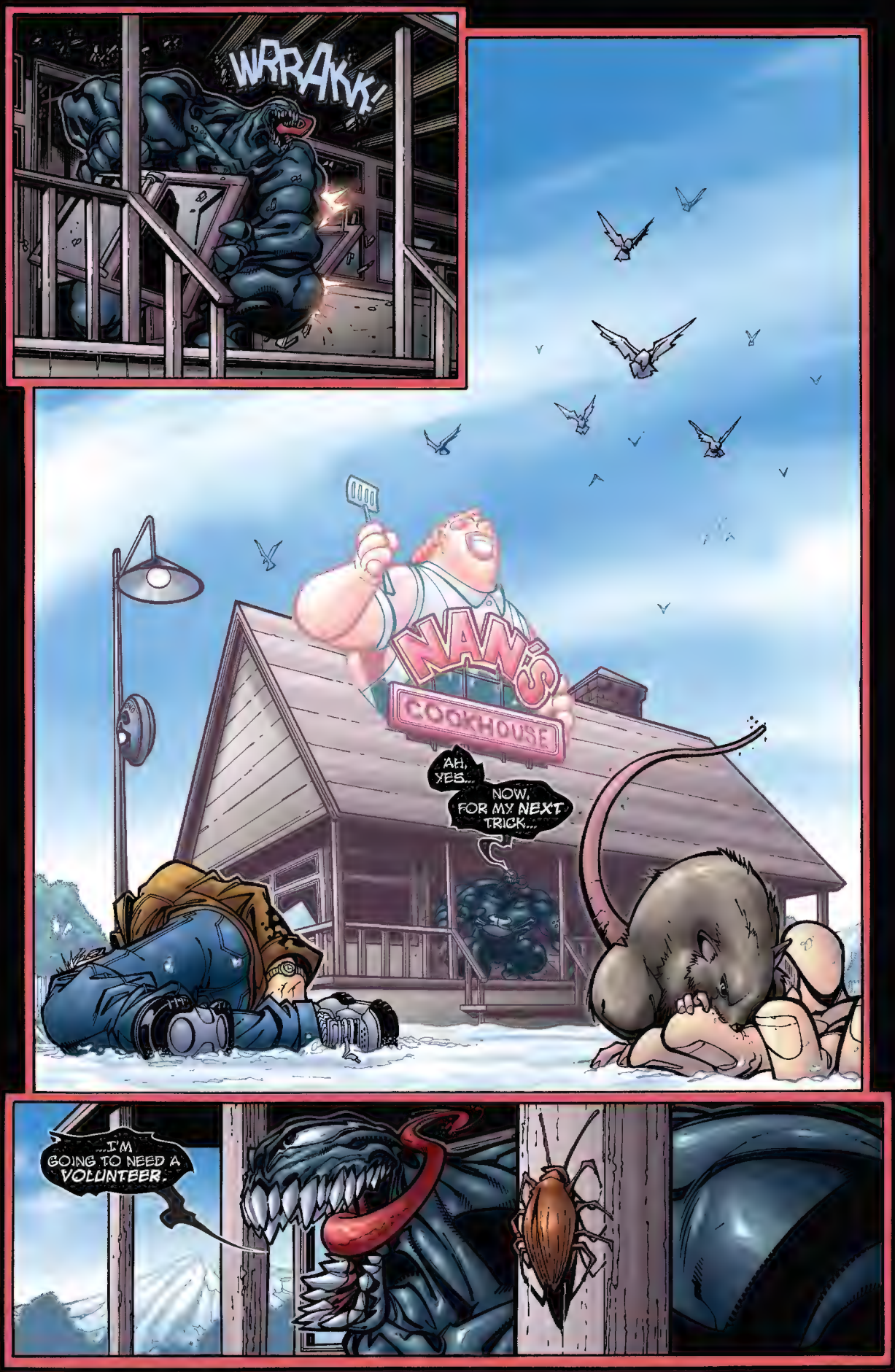
A lot of people *have* died...and a *lot more are going to.*
But *none* of them have suffered more than *me.*
PRRTTYYYY...
She has been cybernetically enhanced, her brain stem modified and independently controlled. If you join with her, she will be able to control you against your will. You will not be able to escape.
She is, in other words, a *trap* set specifically for you.
He's *bluffing.*
Come to me.
I've been waiting for you my whole life.
Hey...uh...

I...I did'n see nuttin', o-okay? I just, ah...
Jus' lemme get my snowmobile over d'ere an', ah...I'll go home.
I don't-- I don't feel so good...
Oh, YEAH...
...HE'LL DO.
Oh, #&*€...

POW!
SSSSHHHHLLLKKTT!
AAAAAAHHHH!

SHLAK!
KRAK!
HEH...

...THANKS FOR THE RIDE.


WRRAKK!
NAN'S
COOKHOUSE
AH, YES...
NOW, FOR MY NEXT TRICK...
...I'M GOING TO NEED A VOLUNTEER.

Frankie-- it's on the move again!
Where are you?!
GAK!
You will not interfere again.
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
I'm right here, Vic.
Duck and cover.

FWOOM!

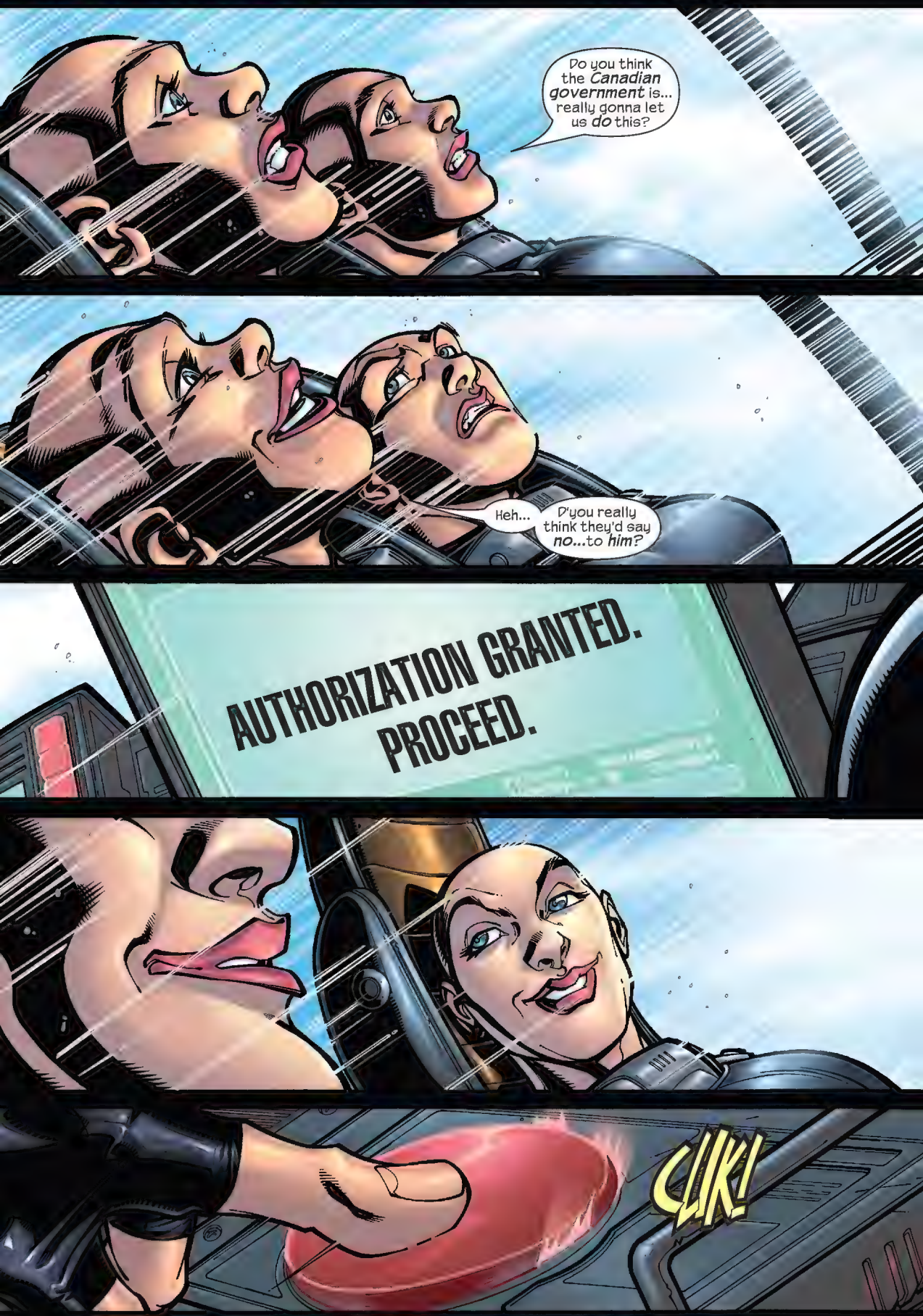
Who the heck *was* that, Frankie?! He knew about us!
Nobody knows about us!
Relax, Vic--
Relax?! He knew about the *collar* and what it's *for!* And now *it* knows, too!
Then we'll come up with another plan. I'm contacting *The Arc* to get a solution right now.
You're *what?!!*
He'll *kill* us, Frankie! *He'll kill us for failing!*
No...he *won't.*
Nobody's supposed to know about us, Vic...but you're saying that *guy in the suit did.* That information *alone* is more than enough to keep us alive and in *his* good graces.
We've uncovered a *leak.*

But... we don't know anything *about*--
No, *we* don't...
...But *she* does.
Nice.

Ukkhh...
All right, punk...
Round two.

D-DEET!
INFORMATION RECEIVED. VERY DISTURBING. WILL INVESTIGATE. PROCEED WITH INTERROGATION. AWAITING REPORT.
Okay... but what about--
D-DEET!
PRIORITY ONE: CLIMB TO 42,000 FEET. INITIALIZE 'PLAN B' PROTOCOL. AWAIT AUTHORIZATION.
FWROOOMM!

What the...?
Waitaminute--I've seen these before...what the heck are you up to, Reed?
FZZAKKT
FWUMP!
FWUMP!
$@&%...
@&*$-$@^#in' little piece'a--


Do you think the Canadian government is... really gonna let us do this?
Heh...
D'you really think they'd say no...to him?
AUTHORIZATION GRANTED.
PROCEED.
CLIK!

KLAK!
This just ain't my day...

KKKK

C'mon, Frankie--keep it steady!
I'm trying! Get the nav boards back up!
BEEPBEEPBEEPBEEPBEEPBEEPBEEPBEEPBEEP
Twenty-eight thousand! We're speeding up!
Two seconds! I've almost got it rebooted!
BEEPBEEPBEEPBEEPBEEPBEEPBEEPBEEPBEEP
Ignition! Ignition!
CHINK!
Pull, Frankie! Pull!
All systems up and running--we're good to go.
Nice job, Frankie...
BEEPBEEP

"...We'll wait for the blast cloud to clear so we can get our bearings, then we'll put down and finish this thing."
"Roger that--it should be relatively easy to trap and assume control of the creature, at this point.
"Even if it does know that we're going to trap it, it'll have to choose us as hosts simply to stay alive--what other choice does it have?"
ZZZT!
KZZZZT!
BEEP-BEEP-BEEP! BEEP-BEEP-
CHIKT!
I am back online...and I have a plan involving the mutant humanoid.
Do not attempt to contact me, as I have other plans for this communication device.
CHARGING: MAX OUTPUT

Here goes everything...

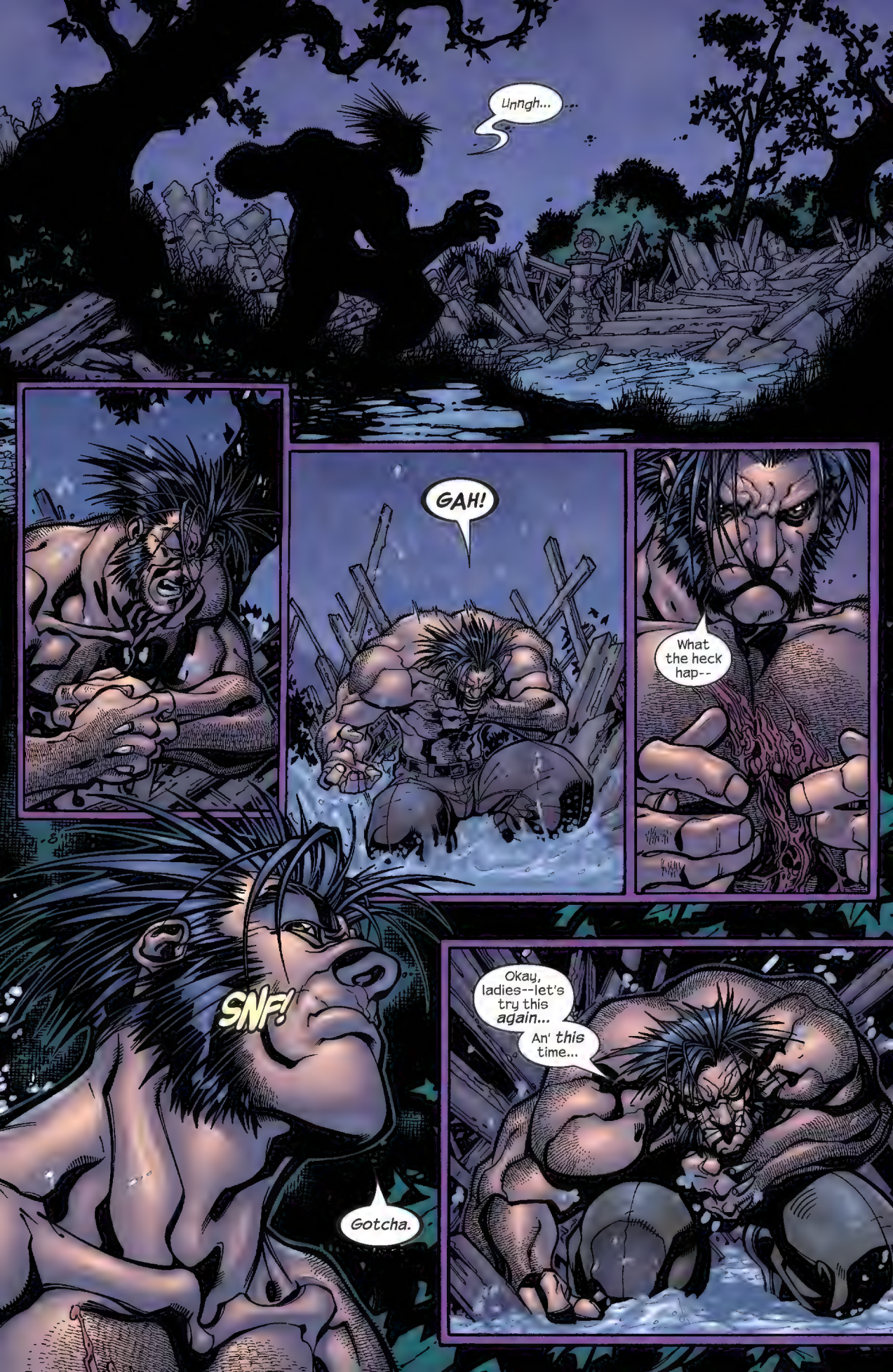
NINE

NAW
UUUMMMMM
UUUMMMMM
UUUMMM

Got it, Vic...I think.
Looks like its signature--keeps shifting around, though...
It's in its transitive state--without a host body, it's just a pile of goo.
And it's not going to find a host body any time soon, thanks to that nuke we dropped on this place.
If it wants to live, it'll come to us...and it's not like we're playing hard to get.
These cranial implants we have that amplify our pheromonal broadcast make us virtually irresistible to the creature, while at the same time allowing us to retain both physical and psychological control of our bodies in the event of possession.
You are such a scientist...
What are we going to do about her?
Her...? We'll deal with her later.

You excited?
Yeah... kinda nervous, too.
You're going to do fine, Frankie-- this is what we've been training for our entire lives.
This is our destiny.
I wonder what it'll...feel like? I mean, I've been waiting for this for so long--
--That you're afraid it'll be anti-climactic?
Somehow, I doubt it.

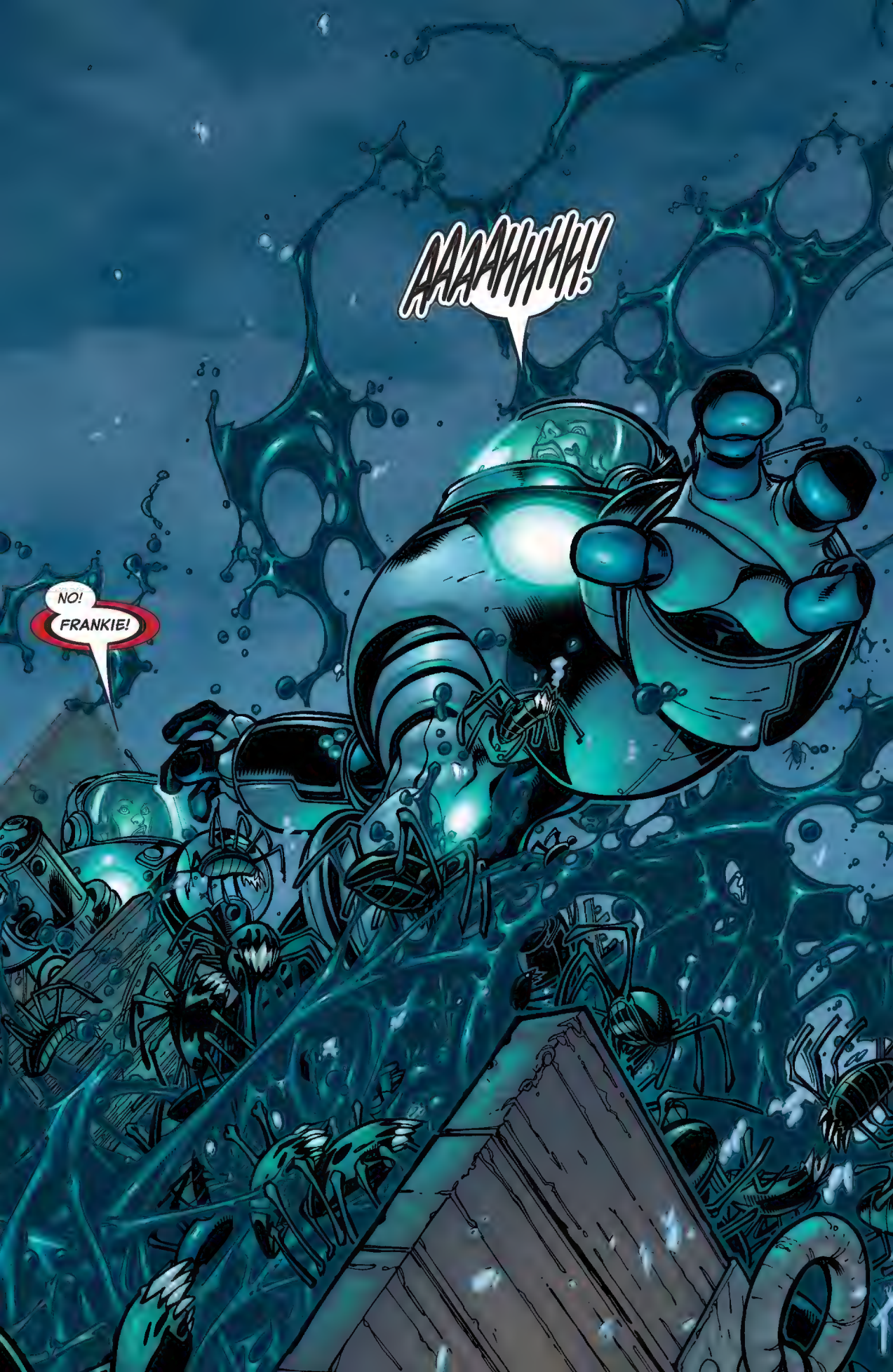
Now let's go get some!
RUN
PART FOUR


Unngh...
GAH!
What the heck hap--
SNF!
Gotcha.
Okay, ladies--let's try this again...
An' this time...

...You better have a bigger bomb!
SNK!

This is where the signal is emanating from.
Alright, Vic, circle around the back--I'll check out the front.
Uh... Frankie?
There is no "back".
But the scanner says it's here...
Cellar.

Gotta be around here somewhere...
CHINK
Here it is--gimme a hand.
Any movement?
Shifting around--seems restless.
Not restless, Vic... hungry.
Is it...?
Yes.
Yes, it's here.
It's here and it wants me...
Wait, Frankie! Something's wrong--


AAAAHHH!
NO!
FRANKIE!

KRUMP!
NNOOOOOOO!
BLAM!
BLAM!

BLAM!
BLAM!
Control, this is Vic! The target has--has--it killed Frankie! Plan B is a no-go!
Repeat: Plan B is a no-go! It didn't &*&$ work!
Transmission... logged. Please stand by.

SHLIKK!
hck...
hck...
VVZZZ
Be advised: Second unit has been deployed and is en-route.

DEET
I was unaware that you had survived the nuclear assault.
This is problematic.
You--!
What--?!

Wait here.
What-- hey!
Hey, wait! What're you--
FWWAAAASSSHH!

FWUWAAAASSSHH!
KRTCH!
Dead cockroaches?
But they should've survived the--

SNIKT!
SNIKT!
YES... YES...
MINE.

Unhhh... what's going on?
I am constructing a new communication device.
I have implemented a strategy to capture and destroy the creature. This plan is contingent upon the elimination of all possible hosts.
You were a possible host and I did not want to kill you.
Therefore, I have taken measures to ensure--
What... what's wrong with my--
oh my God...
What have you done to me?

What the heck have you done to me?!
I have implanted a device into your cranium which will allow you to trap--
Get away from me, you-- you--
SNIKT!
K-CHANK!
Quickly, give me the--

SSHHHAAAWWK!
SSHHHAAAWWK!
HELLO, PATRICIA...
LOVE YOUR NEW LOOK...

...DO YOU LIKE MINE?

I JUST LOVE REUNIONS, DON'T YOU?
WE CAN REMINISCE ABOUT ALL THE GOOD TIMES WE HAD TOGETHER...
NO, NOOO...
SQUIK!
IT'S RUDE TO TALK ON THE PHONE WHILE YOU HAVE COMPANY.
AAAAHH!
FWOOM!
HHH55555!
SPEAKING OF COMPANY...
WHO DO WE HAVE HERE?

"Target sighted and engaged--proceeding with ground assault. Over."
You nervous, Vic?
What's to be nervous about?
This is what we've trained for our entire lives, Frankie.
This is our destiny.

P.M 03
&
VLASCO

The main rotor blades are seizing--what the heck's going on, Vic?

URR-URR-URR-URR-WRAK-!

K-CHANK!

RUN

PART FIVE

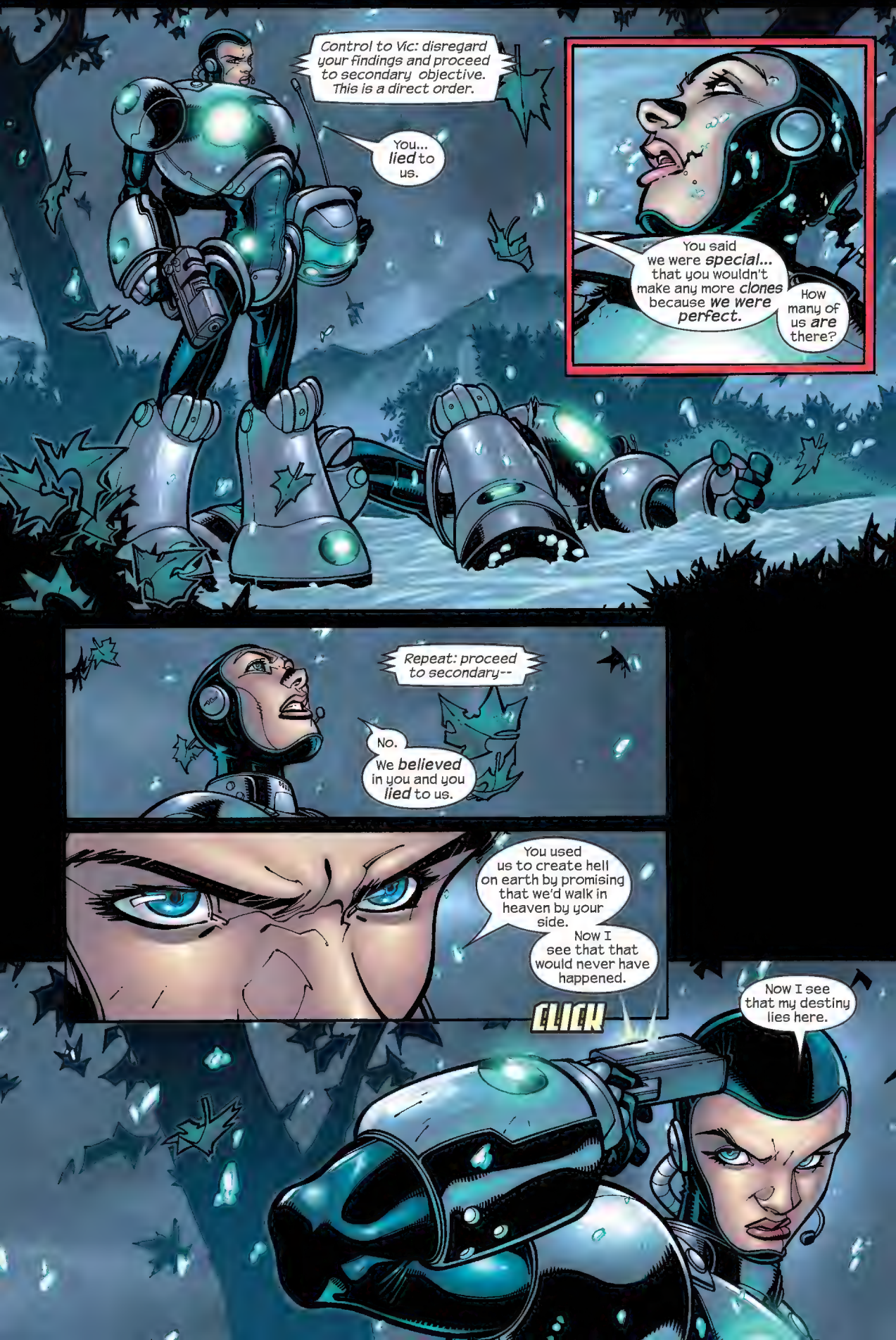
Control, this is Frankie: It's ripping us apart!
We're going down!
I dumped the fuel tanks-- let's go, Frankie! Assume crash positions!
Control, this is Frankie-- do you copy?!
This is control-- do you still have a visual on the target? Over.
Do we still have a--?!
OhmyGod...

KRRUNK
KKKKRRRR!
My God, Vic...did you *see* it?
It was so...
...*beautiful*. More than I ever *dreamed* it would be!
I know, Frankie...I know.

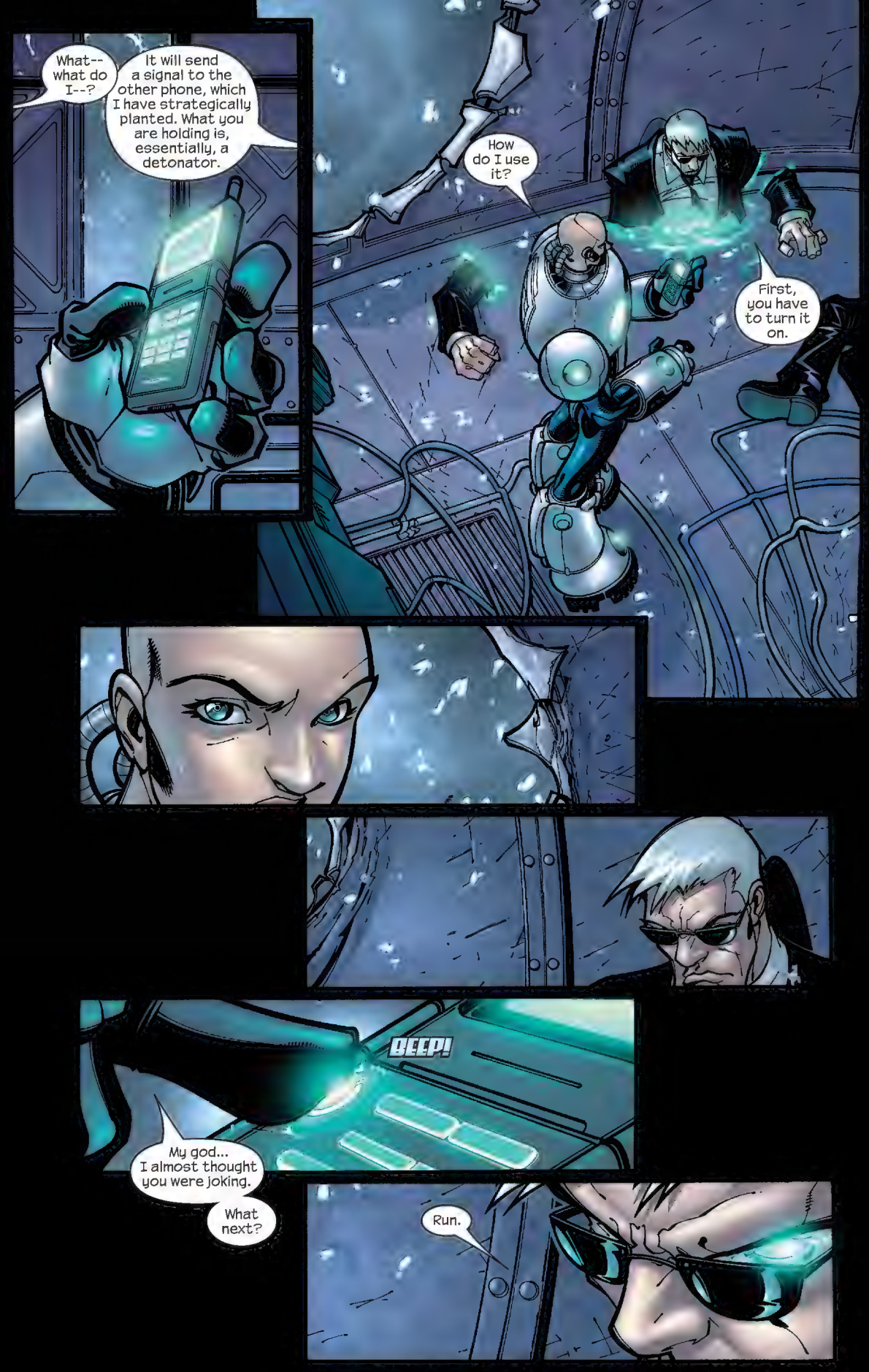
The scanner was destroyed in the crash--it'll take over three hours to charge the back-up...
We don't have that kind of time--*control* wants us to complete our objectives and get outta here in a hurry.
Whichever one of us *doesn't* engage the primary target goes after the prisoner--*agreed?*
Agreed. I hope it chooses *you,* Frankie.
Oh, Vic...
I mean it.
You always looked better in black, anyway...
Vicky... *thank you...*
Just don't tell *control* that I said that, okay? He might take it the wrong way.
The *rad levels* seem to be within tolerable parameters... do you think these suits are *necessary?*
I know, I know...they're not very *sexy,* but why take any more chances than we have to, right?
...
Frankie?
Frankie-- *where are you?*

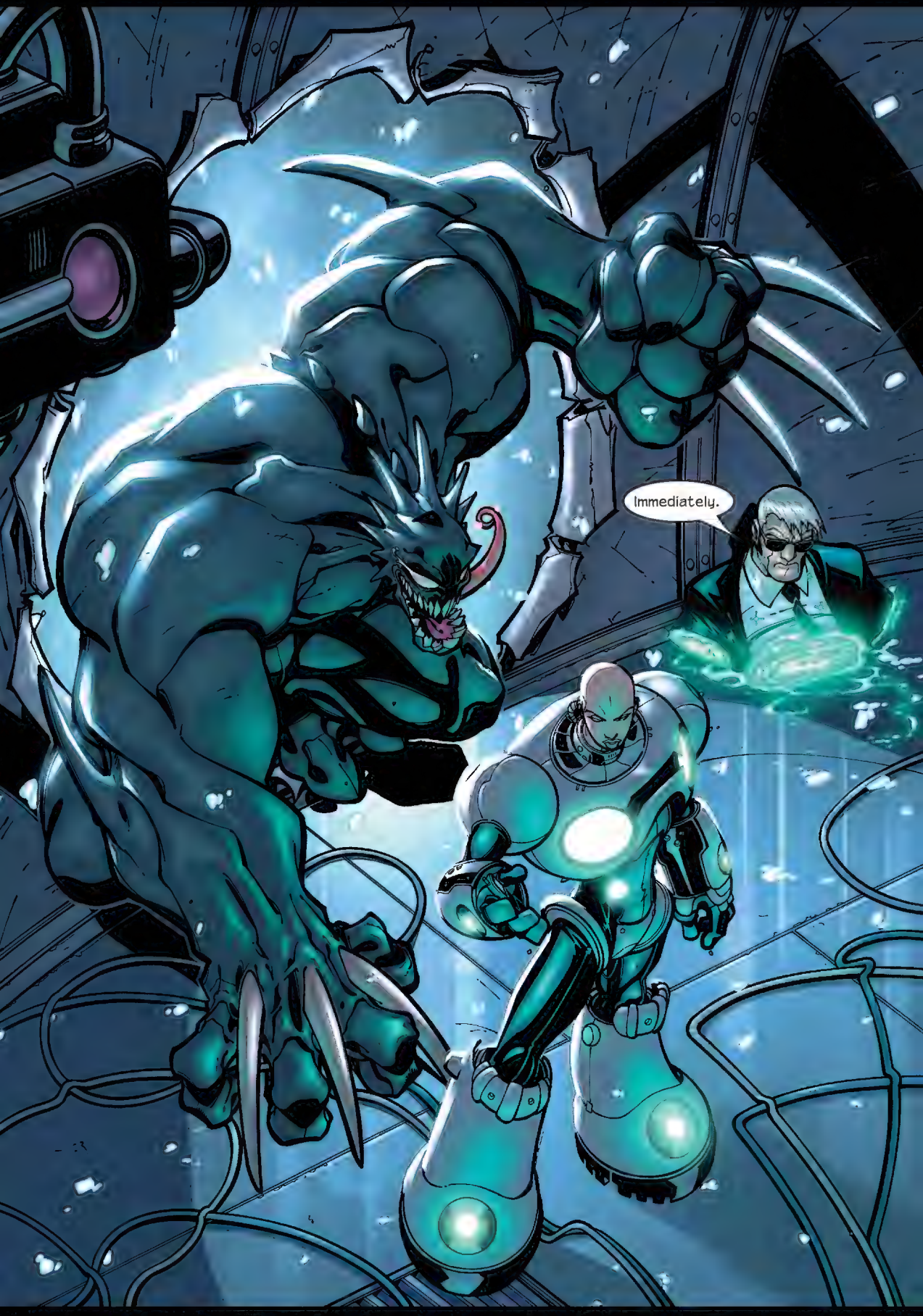
Take... me...
You... want me.
You... need... me...
NO...
SNKT!
...I DON'T.
SWUKK!
Control, this is Vic: I've lost contact with Frankie--assuming she has engaged and has taken possession of primary target.

Proceeding to secondary--
Oh, $@&*!
Control--Frankie's down! Repeat--Frankie's down!
Frankie!
Frankie, are you--
This is control: Report mission status immediately--what is the situation? Over.
It's not... Frankie...
It's me.


Control to Vic: disregard your findings and proceed to secondary objective. This is a direct order.
You... lied to us.
You said we were special... that you wouldn't make any more clones because we were perfect.
How many of us are there?
Repeat: proceed to secondary--
No.
We believed in you and you lied to us.
You used us to create hell on earth by promising that we'd walk in heaven by your side.
Now I see that that would never have happened.
CLICK
Now I see that my destiny lies here.

BLAM!
DANGER: EXPLOSIVES
Those grenades will prove ineffective.
KLANG! KLANG!
I have manufactured a new "phone".
Get it.

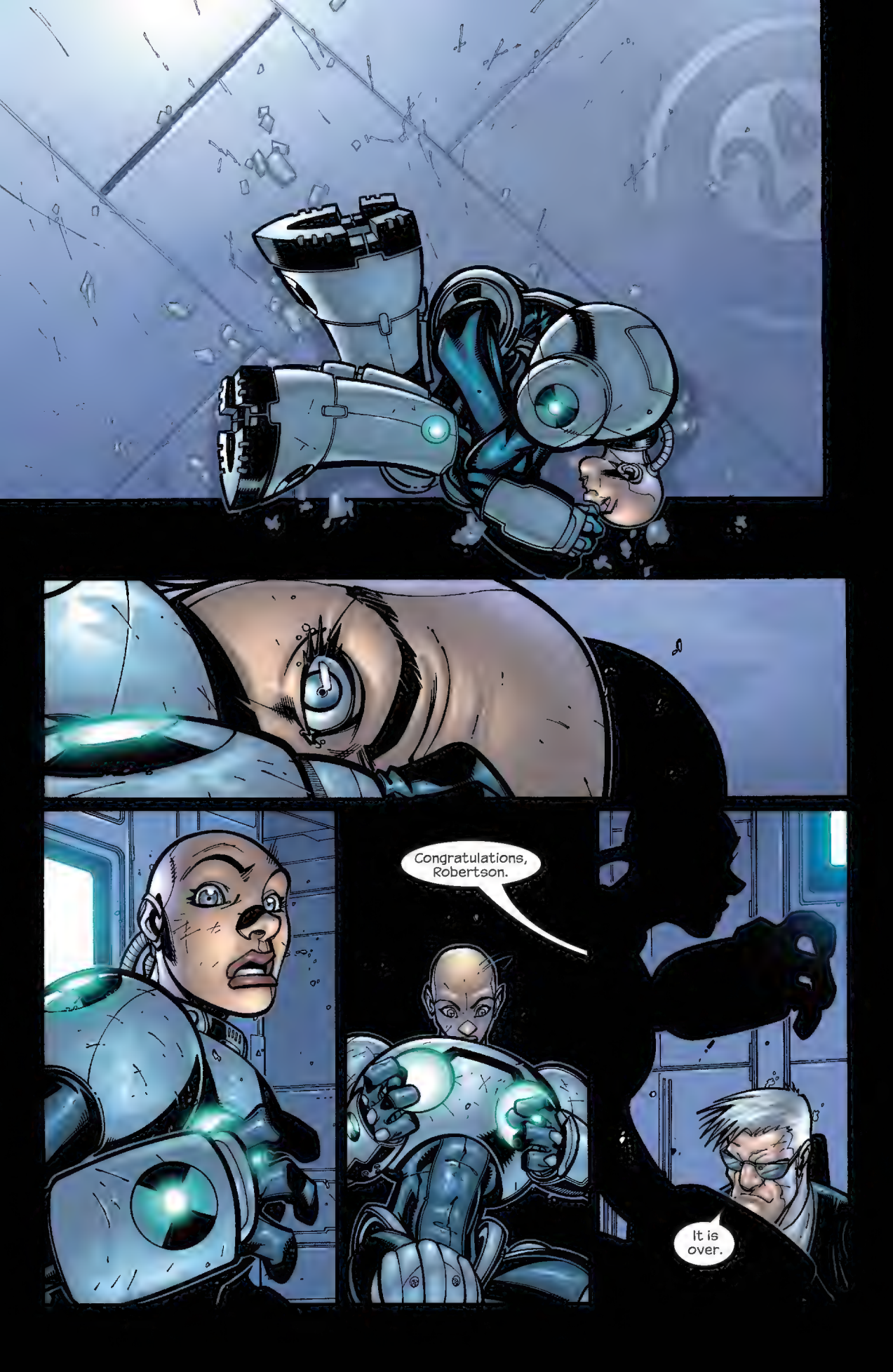

What-- what do I--?
It will send a signal to the other phone, which I have strategically planted. What you are holding is, essentially, a detonator.
How do I use it?
First, you have to turn it on.
BEEP!
My god... I almost thought you were joking.
What next?
Run.


Immediately.

AAAHH!
SLASH!
BEEP!
BEEP!
GAK!
Robertson-- listen to me: press "redial," "one" and "send".
SLLKKK

BEEP!
DEET-DEET-DEET!
SSSSHHHHAAA!
DEET-DEET-DEET!

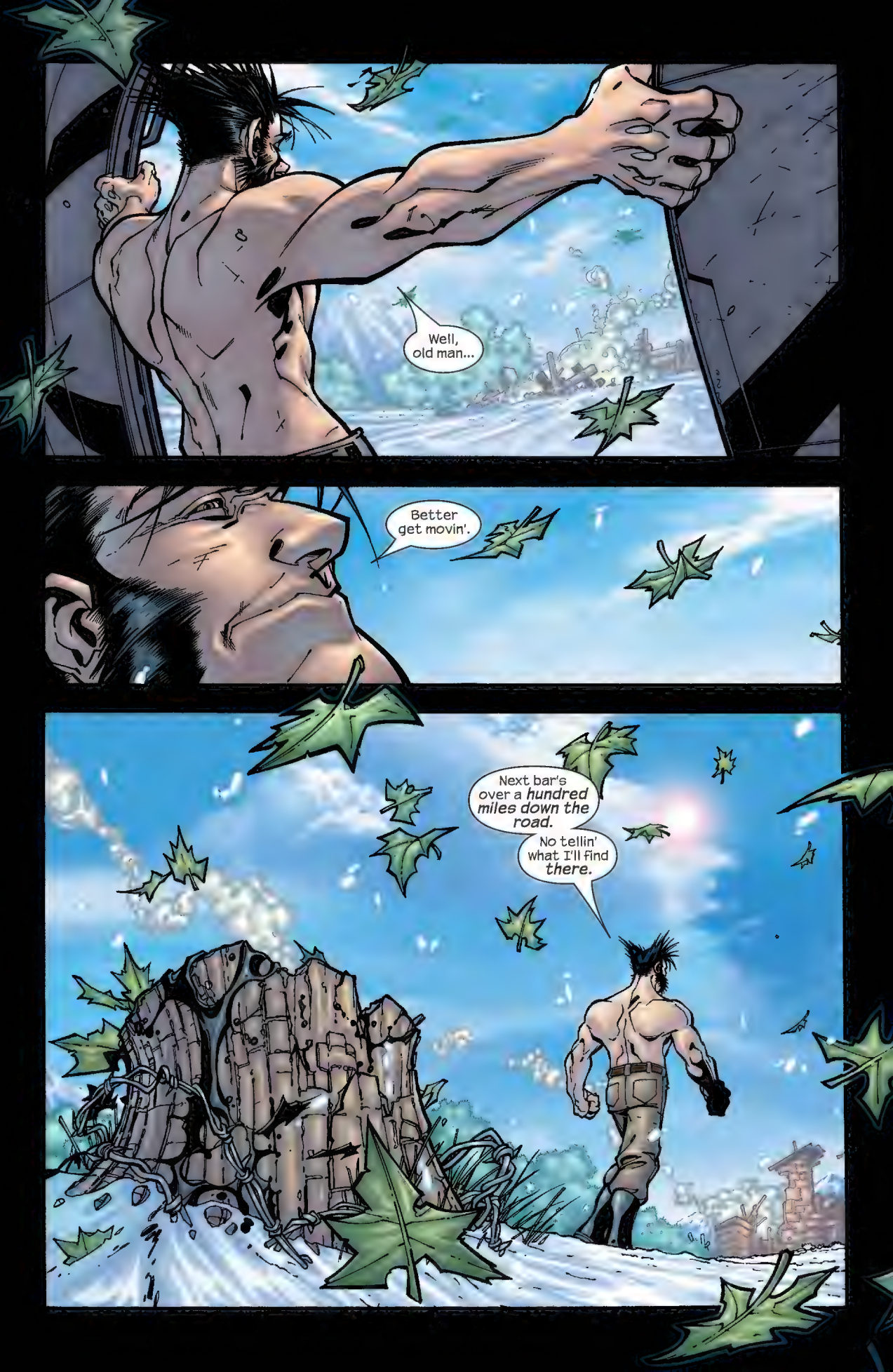
KKKZZZTT
Can you...
...hear me now?
Good.


Congratulations, Robertson.
It is over.

...It is understandable that you are traumatized by these events, even though the control device which I grafted to your skull removed any possibility that the creature would assume control of your body.
It still could've killed me.
Granted. Once I am whole, I will remove the device. It will be painless.
No. It stays.
KRAK!
IT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN CONTROL IT.

IT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN STOP IT.

AAHH!
Sunnuva...
...Booby-trapped me...
Heh...
Should'a thought'a that myself...


Well, old man...
Better get movin'.
Next bar's over a hundred miles down the road.
No tellin' what I'll find there.

Buffalo, New York:
Eighteen Days Later.
Hi, uh... Jack? Jack Mitchell?
Uh... yeah--who is this?
BUFFALO NEW YORK
It's Trish-- we went out together our freshman year of high school, remember?
Do...do you remember where my mother lives?
Holy...
Trish Robertson?
Yeah, Jack. It's me.
I need you to get a message to my mom and tell her that... I have to do something very important--but that I'm okay. Will you--?
Look, Trish-- some guys came by here asking about you... I think they were FBI. What's going--?
They weren't FBI, Jack--and if they come back, don't try to lie and say I haven't contacted you, understand?
Just...please tell my mom I'm okay. I'm sorry about this, Jack--you were always a good guy.
But--!
CLICK

She's made contact, sir--a man named Jack Mitchell from her hometown. She's trying to get a message to her mother.
And the message?
"I have to do something very important."
Yes. Yes, she does.
Frankie is tracing the call back, sir--we should have a location momentarily.
Shall I activate one of the sleeper cells?
No, don't bother... I don't want to slow her down.
Sir--?
Keep monitoring the situation, Victoria--that is all. *klik*
Finally...

Finally, we can end this...

ELEVEN

QUEENS.
TWO YEARS AGO.
I LIVE FOR THESE MOMENTS, SPIDER-MAN.

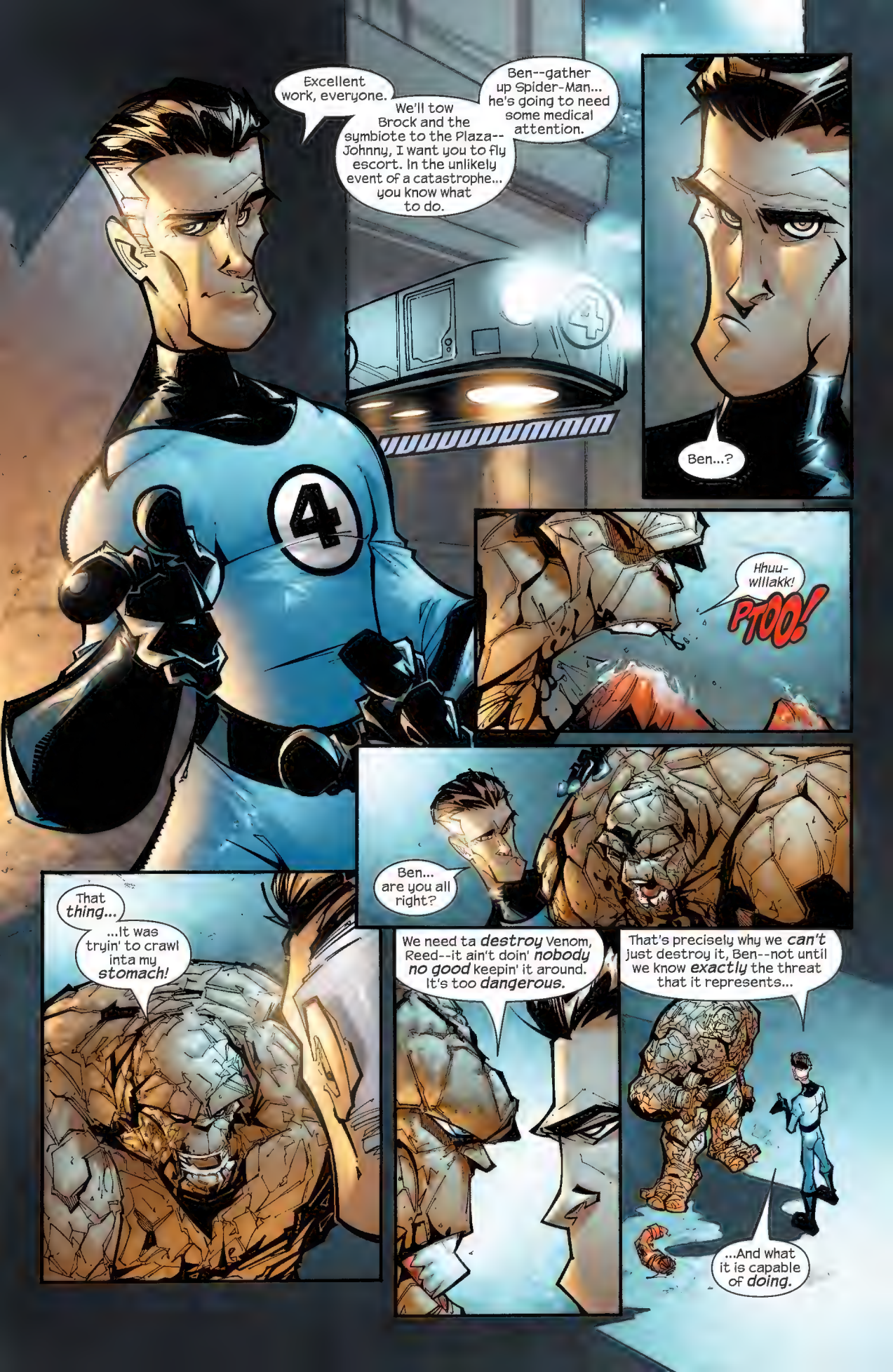
ME...
...EDDIE BROCK.
BEATING YOU DOWN...
LIKE THE WEAK-KNEED LITTLE BOY THAT YOU ARE...
AND THEN LEAVING YOU THERE, BROKEN, KNOWING THAT ANY TIME I WANT...
...WE CAN COME BACK AND DO IT AGAIN.
WE ARE GONNA KILL YOU ONE OF THESE DAYS, SPIDER-MAN...BUT I'LL BE DAMNED IF I EVER LET YOU DIE A HERO.
AND EVEN THOUGH I'M WARNING YOU, I'M GONNA MAKE SURE THAT WHEN IT HAPPENS, IT'LL STILL BE--
RUMMBLE
--A SURPRISE?

KRASH!
SURPRISE!
I got 'im Reed! I--
ARE YOU READY?
Ready for what?
SSHAK
FWAPP!

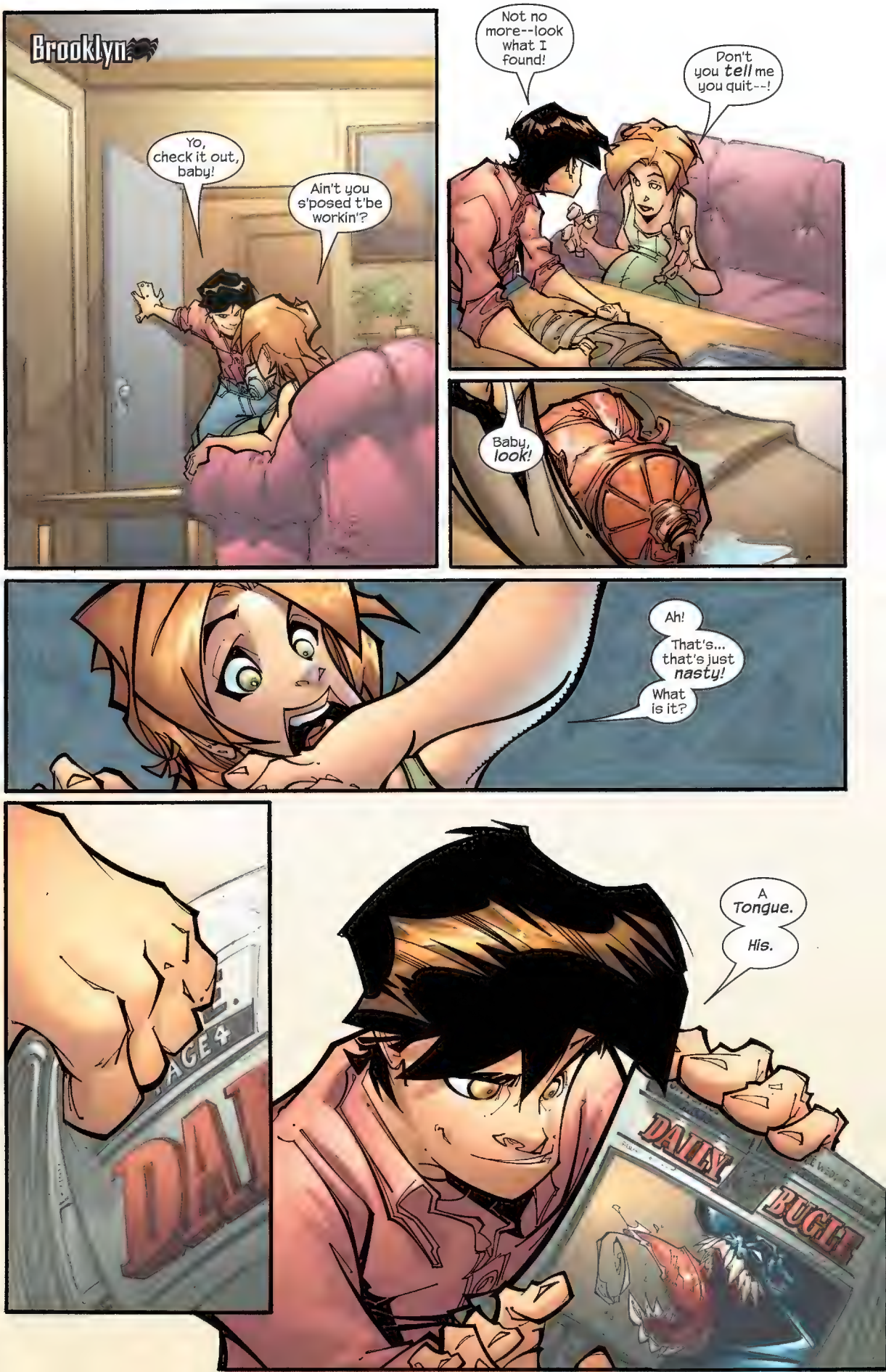
IT'S SLOBBERIN' TIME!
GAH!
AAAAGGG!
Gek-- okka me!
No time for romance, Ben...
HLLAAAG!

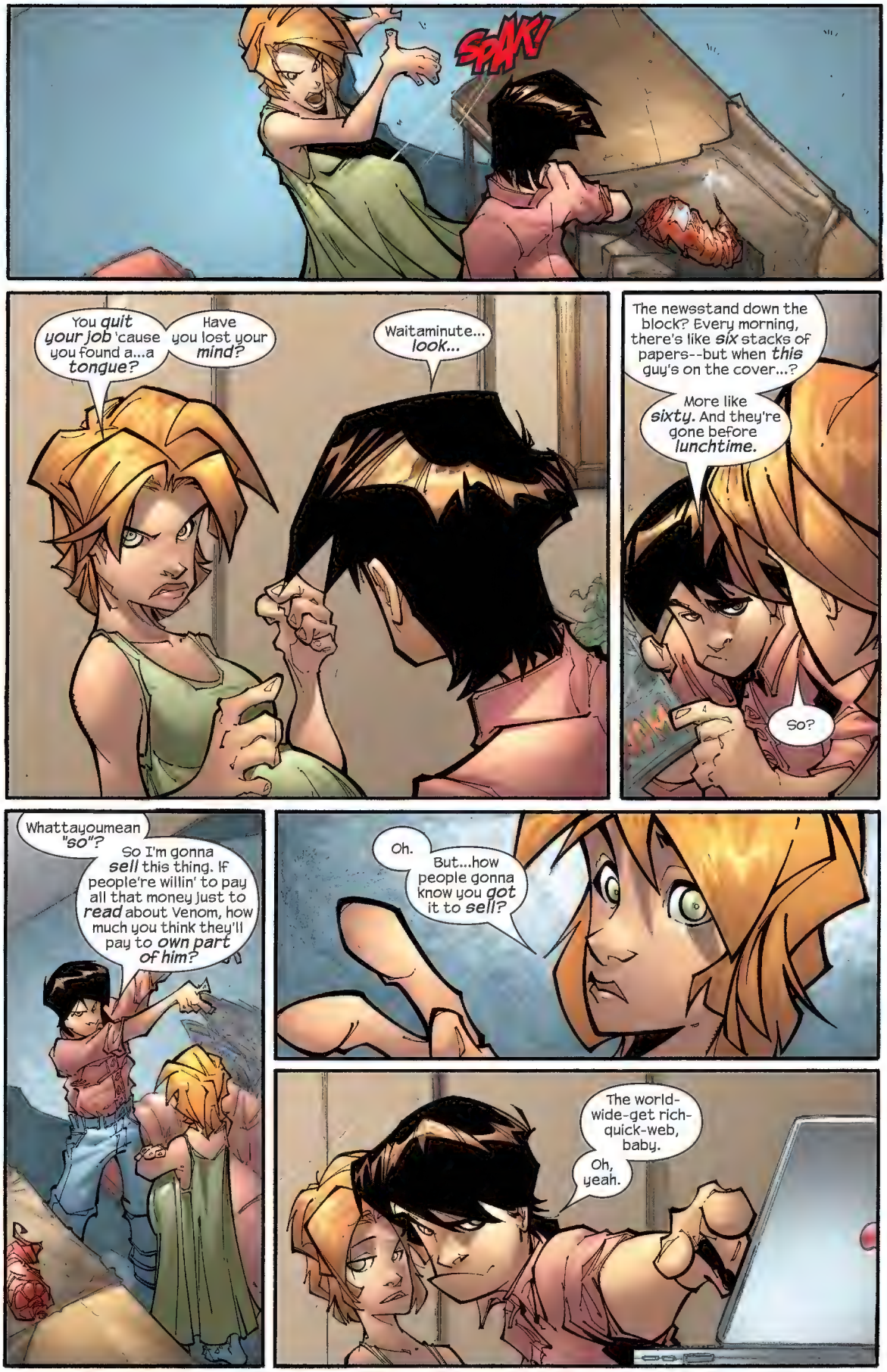
...Let's cut this short!
WHOOOOOOOSH!
AAAAHHH!
Susan, Reed--go!
Stand clear, Johnny!
FZZZAK
AAAAIIEEE!
The sonic blast has separated Brock from the symbiote!
Susan! I need you to--
Not to worry, Reed...

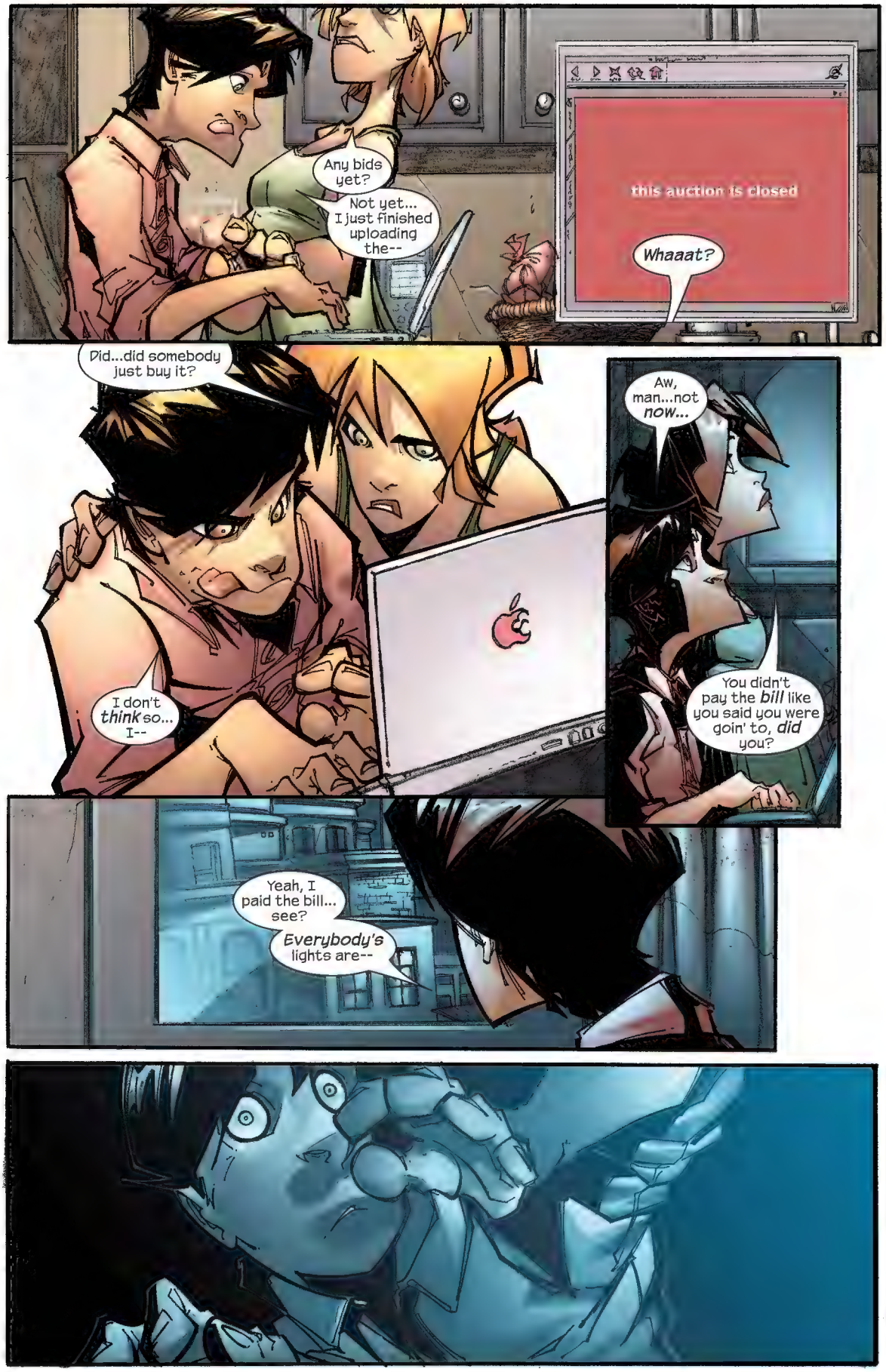
...The situation is under control.
PATTERNS

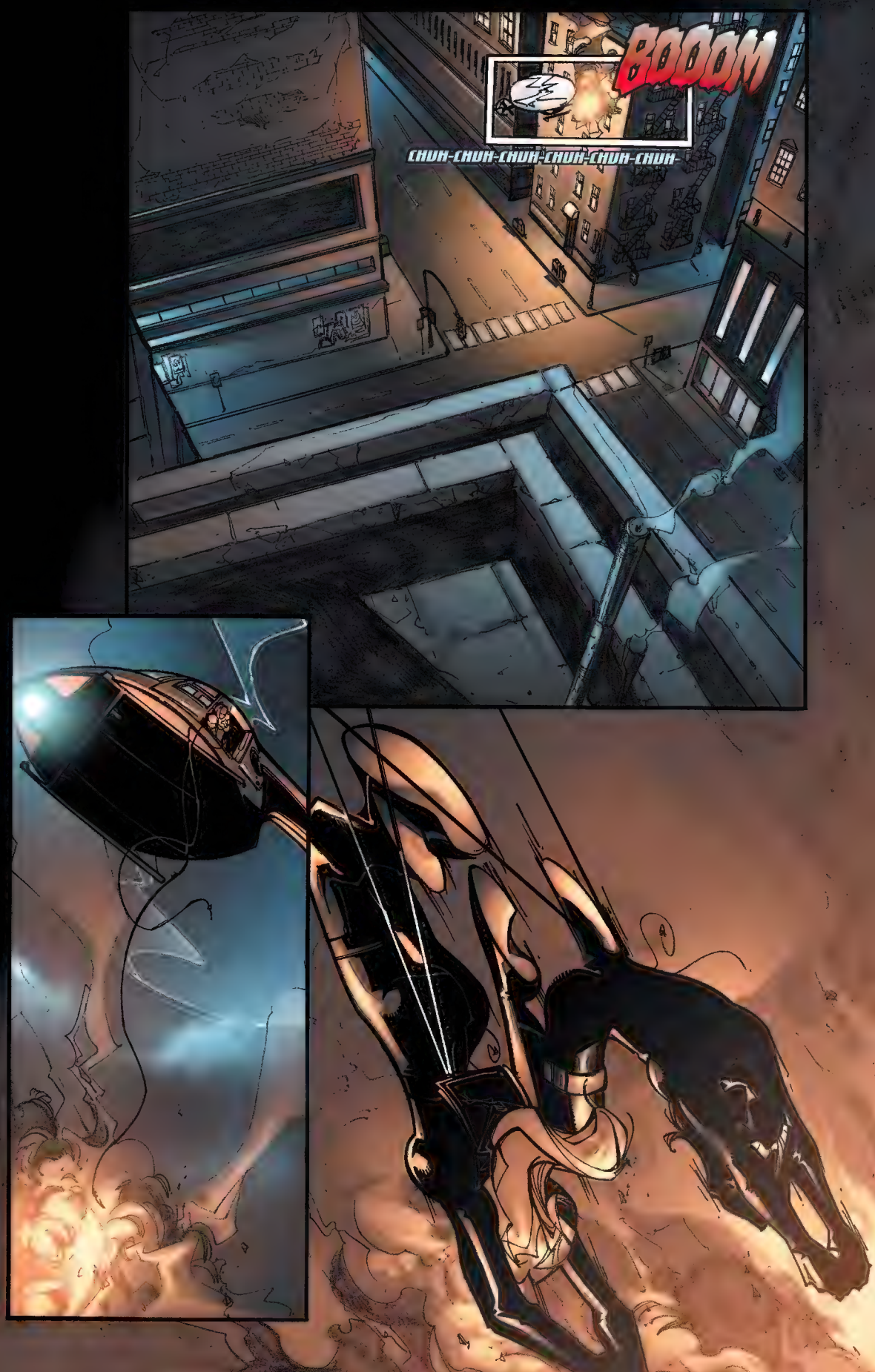

Excellent work, everyone.
We'll tow Brock and the symbiote to the Plaza--Johnny, I want you to fly escort. In the unlikely event of a catastrophe... you know what to do.
Ben--gather up Spider-Man... he's going to need some medical attention.
Ben...?
Khuu-willakk!
PTOO!
Ben... are you all right?
That thing...
...It was tryin' to crawl inta my stomach!
We need ta destroy Venom, Reed--it ain't doin' nobody no good keepin' it around. It's too dangerous.
That's precisely why we can't just destroy it, Ben--not until we know exactly the threat that it represents...
...And what it is capable of doing.

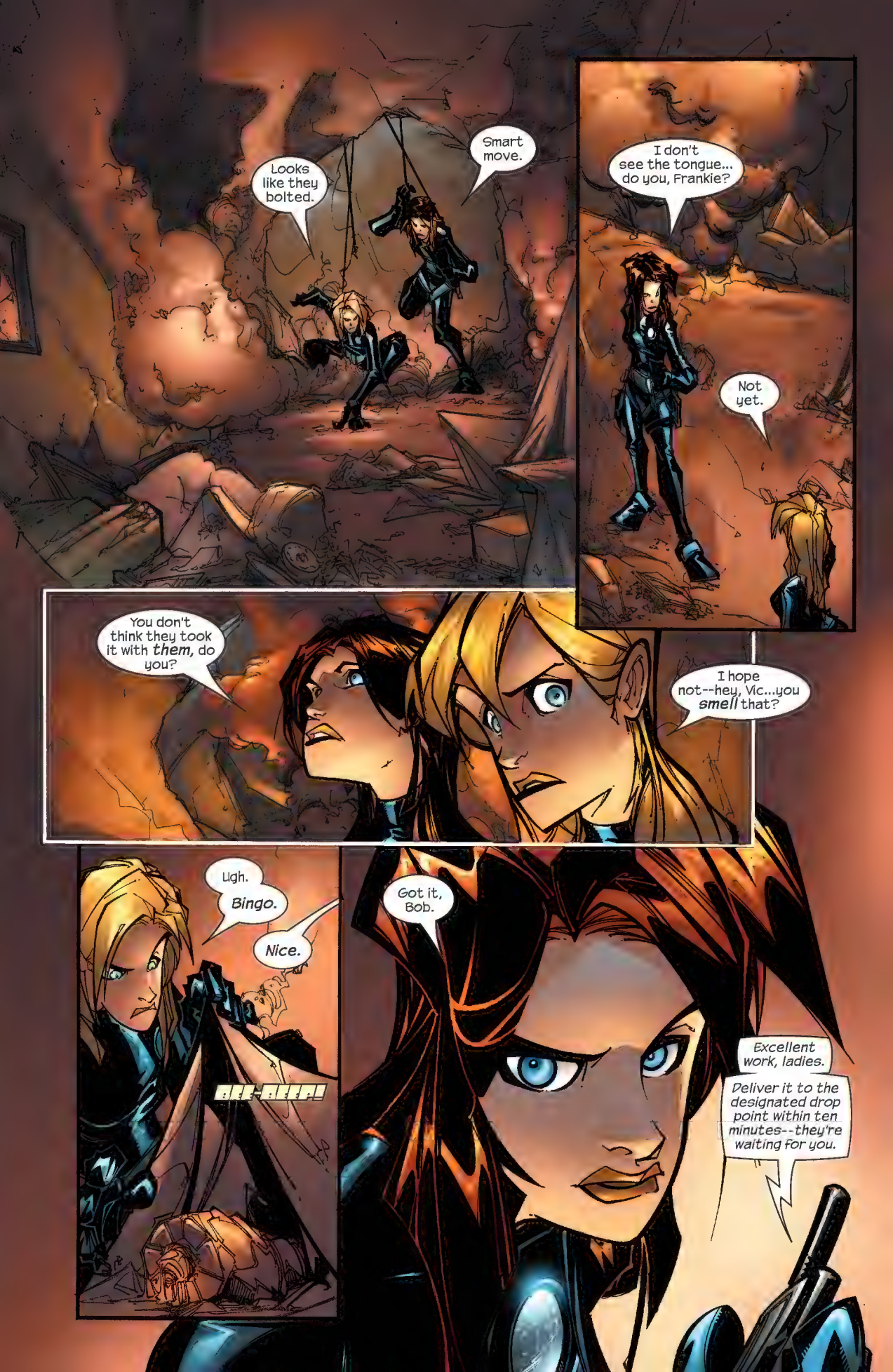
That was so...
$@#*
Cool...
Oh, man...
Huh?
No way...
Yo!
I quit!


Brooklyn.
Yo, check it out, baby!
Ain't you s'posed t'be workin'?
Not no more--look what I found!
Don't you tell me you quit--!
Baby, look!
Ah!
That's... that's just nasty!
What is it?
A Tongue.
His.
DAILY BUGLE


SPAK!
You quit your job 'cause you found a...a tongue?
Have you lost your mind?
Waitaminute... look...
The newsstand down the block? Every morning, there's like six stacks of papers--but when this guy's on the cover...?
More like sixty. And they're gone before lunchtime.
So?
Whattayoumean "so"?
So I'm gonna sell this thing. If people're willin' to pay all that money just to read about Venom, how much you think they'll pay to own part of him?
Oh.
But...how people gonna know you got it to sell?
The world-wide-get rich-quick-web, baby.
Oh, yeah.


Any bids yet?
Not yet... I just finished uploading the--
this auction is closed
Whaaat?
Did...did somebody just buy it?
I don't *think* so... I--
Aw, man...not *now*...
You didn't pay the *bill* like you said you were goin' to, *did* you?
Yeah, I paid the bill... see?
Everybody's lights are--

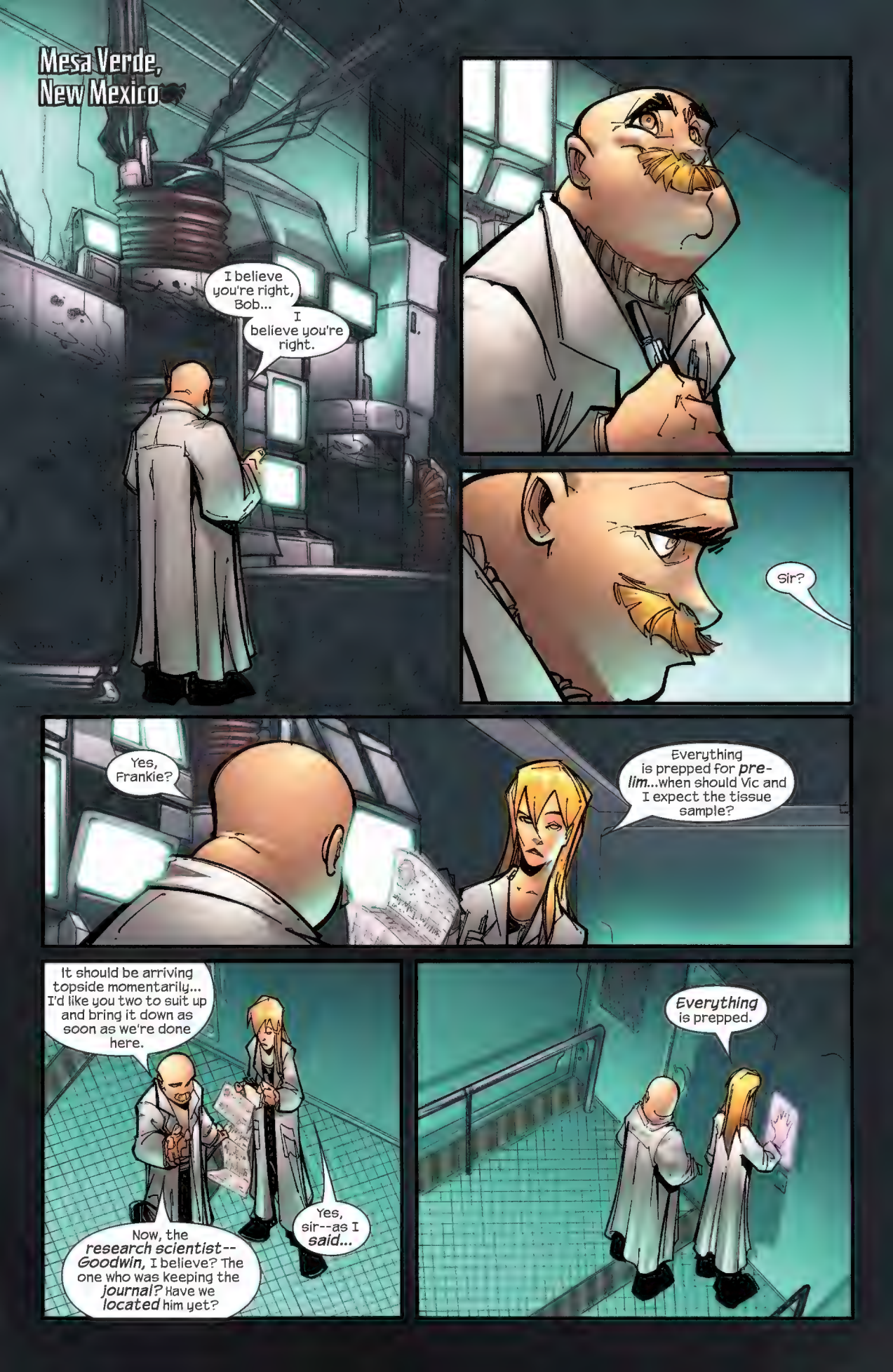

BOOOM
CHUH-CHUH-CHUH-CHUH-CHUH-CHUH-


Looks like they bolted.
Smart move.
I don't see the tongue... do you, Frankie?
Not yet.
You don't think they took it with them, do you?
I hope not--hey, Vic...you smell that?
Ugh.
Bingo.
Nice.
BEE-BEEP!
Got it, Bob.
Excellent work, ladies.
Deliver it to the designated drop point within ten minutes--they're waiting for you.

Kennedy Airport
Frankie to Bob:
Package delivered.
Excellent work, ladies.
Please take the chopper back to the staging area. The ground crew is on its way to pick up the package as we speak. Bob out.
Frankie to Bob: package received.
Bob to Frankie: excellent work, ladies.
Please proceed to the hangar--the jet is fuelled and ready for take-off.

Why did we have to wear these radiation suits, anyway?
Bob's orders.
Well, they're *hot* and they don't do a *thing* for my figure.
Not to mention they cover up our beautiful faces.
Where are we going, anyway?
Pre-flight says New Mexico.
Wonder what's in New Mexico?

They should be arriving shortly.
I know... I can hardly wait.
Sir?
Yes, Vicky?
We've gotten a report from the field--they've found an optimal development site in Northern Canada above the Arctic Circle.
It seems like it's everything we were hoping for.
Did you hear that? It looks like everything is falling into place.
After all this time...
I believe we're finally going to make it happen, Bob.
Talos


Mesa Verde, New Mexico
I believe you're right, Bob...
I believe you're right.
Sir?
Yes, Frankie?
Everything is prepped for *prelim*...when should Vic and I expect the tissue sample?
It should be arriving topside momentarily... I'd like you two to suit up and bring it down as soon as we're done here.
Yes, sir--as I *said*...
Now, the *research scientist*--*Goodwin*, I believe? The one who was keeping the *journal*? Have we *located* him yet?
Everything is prepped.

Ah, ladies...
...You are truly the jewels in my crown.
Thank you, Bob.
And thank *you*, Mr. Goodwin, for being such a team player.
AAH... GAH...

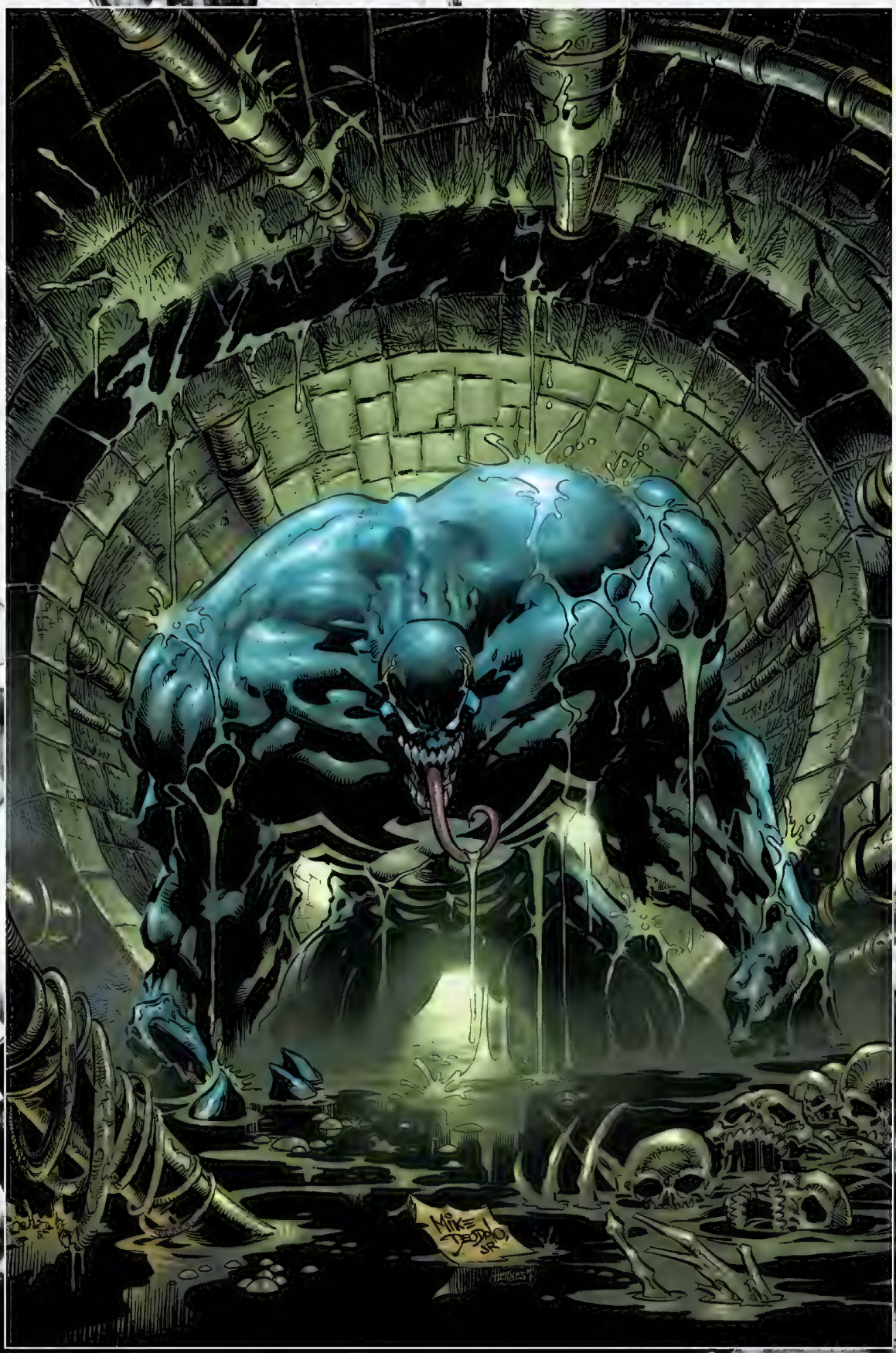
Topside.
We're 'go' for take-off...
You ever wonder what they *do* here, Vic?
You mean you don't *know*?
You *do*?
Sure.
Well...?
Isn't it obvious, Frankie? They do things we're not supposed to know about.
Are you really afraid of flying, Vic?
It terrifies me.
C'mon... let's get to work.

The Four Freedoms Plaza.
Hi there, Spider-Man... how're you feeling?
I, uh... what?
Where's Venom... I mean, Eddie?
I have him secured in another part of the facility, separate from the symbiote.
Oh.
I, uh, actually feel really good... maybe I should come here every time I get beaten to within an inch of my life.
No...you shouldn't.
This is not a free healthcare clinic for masked vigilantes, Spider-Man.
Yeah...
Listen, I really appreciate you helping me--
That's what we're here for, Spider-Man...
...To handle the problems that others cannot.
Yeah...
Well, thanks again... and please tell the others that--
Wait, Spider-Man...I want to show you something.

I think you'll appreciate these more than most due to your... affinitive tastes.
Uh... should I be scared, Reed?
Not at all.
Though that would be deliciously ironic...
What is--?
It is actually a colony of several hundred million silicon-based nano-beings...I assume they take this form for utilitarian purposes.
I discovered one attached to the hull of our craft after returning from one of our more far-flung expeditions.
I'm not sure what you mean by "utilitarian"...
Among other things, they build, Spider-Man--almost anything. And...
...they're self-replicating.
Wow, Reed, that's--hey, you said that they build, "among other things"... what other things do they do?
Thus far?
Everything I've asked them to.

They've been particularly helpful in gathering quantitative data on this so-called "*Venom*" being. Let me show you--
Uh...hey, Reed?
This is close enough for me.
Oh.
As I said, due to their apparent invulnerability, they are perfect for in-depth examination of volatile subjects.
They have an uncanny ability to communicate through conventional *and* non-conventional technologies, which is how I've been able to glean their findings.
And you don't believe them to be a *pestilent* species...?
Well, of course not...I would never allow them out of containment if I had even *suspicions* of such. No, Spider-Man--these beings, though completely alien, are both sentient and benign... and very helpful.
What *does* puzzle me, though, is--well, quite frankly--is the level of commitment they've shown in examining this *particular* specimen.

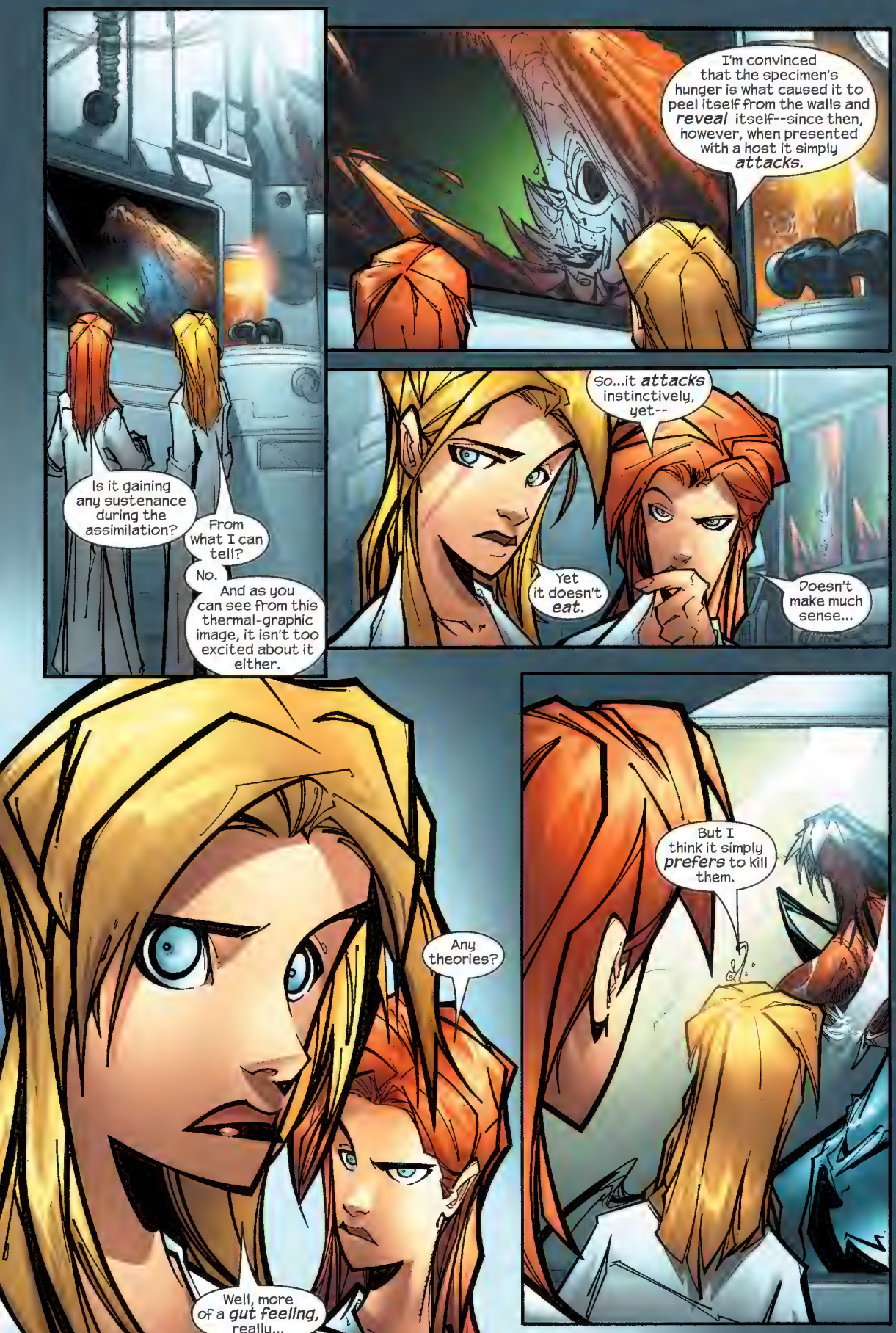
Almost as if they had a *vested interest* in *understanding* such a being.
Or destroying it...



TWELVE

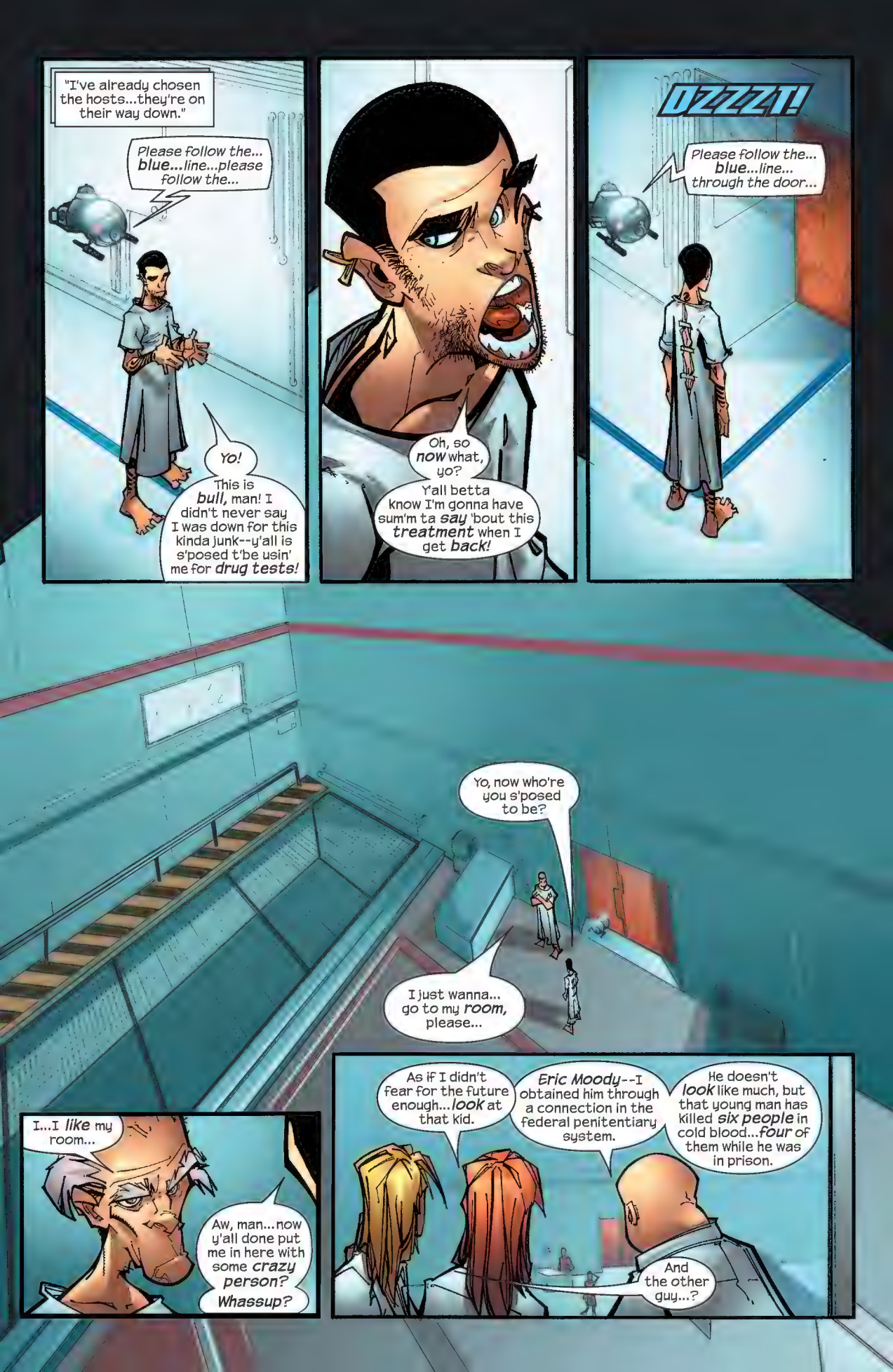
Mesa Verda, New Mexico:
19 Months Ago
How's it going on *your* end, Frankie?
Slowly, Vic...very slowly.
We've finally gotten it to come out of the shadows and engage the host--but when it *does*...
SSSSPAKK!
It rips them apart.
Within seconds.

PATTERNS PART 2


Is it gaining any sustenance during the assimilation?
From what I can tell?
No.
And as you can see from this thermal-graphic image, it isn't too excited about it either.
I'm convinced that the specimen's hunger is what caused it to peel itself from the walls and *reveal* itself--since then, however, when presented with a host it simply *attacks*.
So...it *attacks* instinctively, yet--
Yet it doesn't *eat*.
Doesn't make much sense...
Any theories?
Well, more of a *gut feeling*, really...
But I think it simply *prefers* to kill them.

What are you doing now?
Cleaning up the mess.
"The walls of the observation tank are coated with a weaponized corrosive acid-- when I raise the temperature a few degrees, it activates and goes airborne.
"The specimen is inorganic and therefore immune... everything else is reduced to a few grams of non-reactive ash within seconds."
It's not fair-- your department gets all the fun toys.
Yeah, but you actually get to make something... I simply observe and document.
I guess you're right...
But in this case, it was pretty much hands-off...the tongue I was given seemed to have a mind of its own.
This thing wanted to be born...as quickly as possible.
They grow up so fast...

Are you sure it can't see us?
Don't worry. It's looking at itself in the mirror.
It does that a lot.
Well, you have to admit...
...It is quite striking.
Hi, Bob.
It's not eating.
So I heard. Have you tried introducing two hosts at the same time?
No, not yet...I was waiting until--
Let's do that now.
Now?
Yes.
And I'd like to watch.


"I've already chosen the hosts...they're on their way down."
Please follow the... blue...line...please follow the...
Yo!
This is bull, man! I didn't never say I was down for this kinda junk--y'all is s'posed t'be usin' me for drug tests!
Oh, so now what, yo?
Y'all betta know I'm gonna have sum'm ta say 'bout this treatment when I get back!
OZZZT!
Please follow the... blue...line... through the door...
Yo, now who're you s'posed to be?
I just wanna... go to my room, please...
I...I like my room...
Aw, man...now y'all done put me in here with some crazy person? Whassup?
As if I didn't fear for the future enough...look at that kid.
Eric Moody--I obtained him through a connection in the federal penitentiary system.
He doesn't look like much, but that young man has killed six people in cold blood...four of them while he was in prison.
And the other guy...?

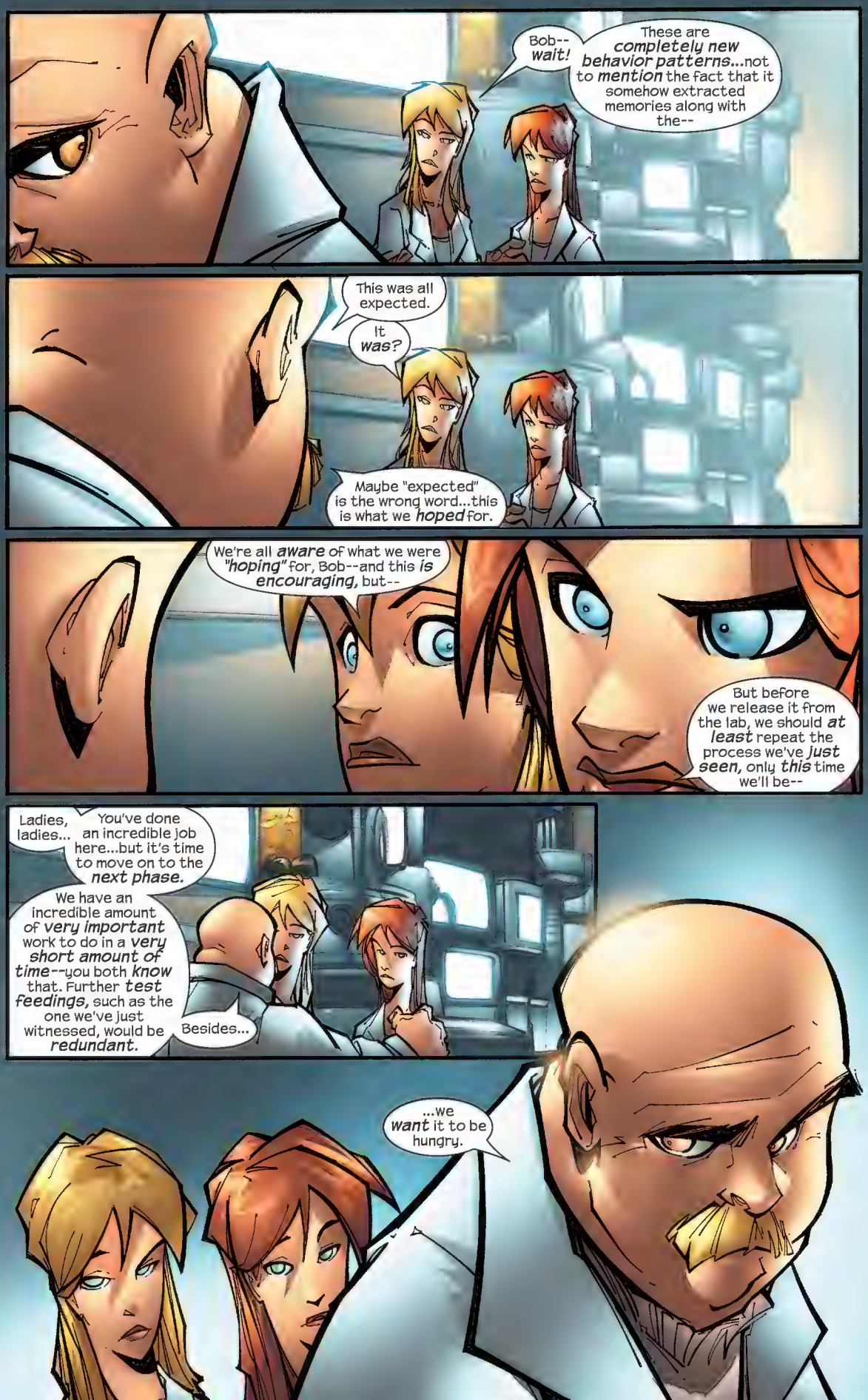
Twenty-seven.
Just kidding.
Alfonse Polna-- he's just another psych-ward throwaway... severe nervous disorder coupled with debilitating paranoia.
Pay particular attention to the vitals on these hosts, Frankie.
What am I looking for, Bob?
I'm not sure yet...
"...but we're about to find out."
I j-just... w-wanna--
What is wrong wit' you-- you ain't get yo' medicine t'day or sum'm?
What got you so--
--scared?

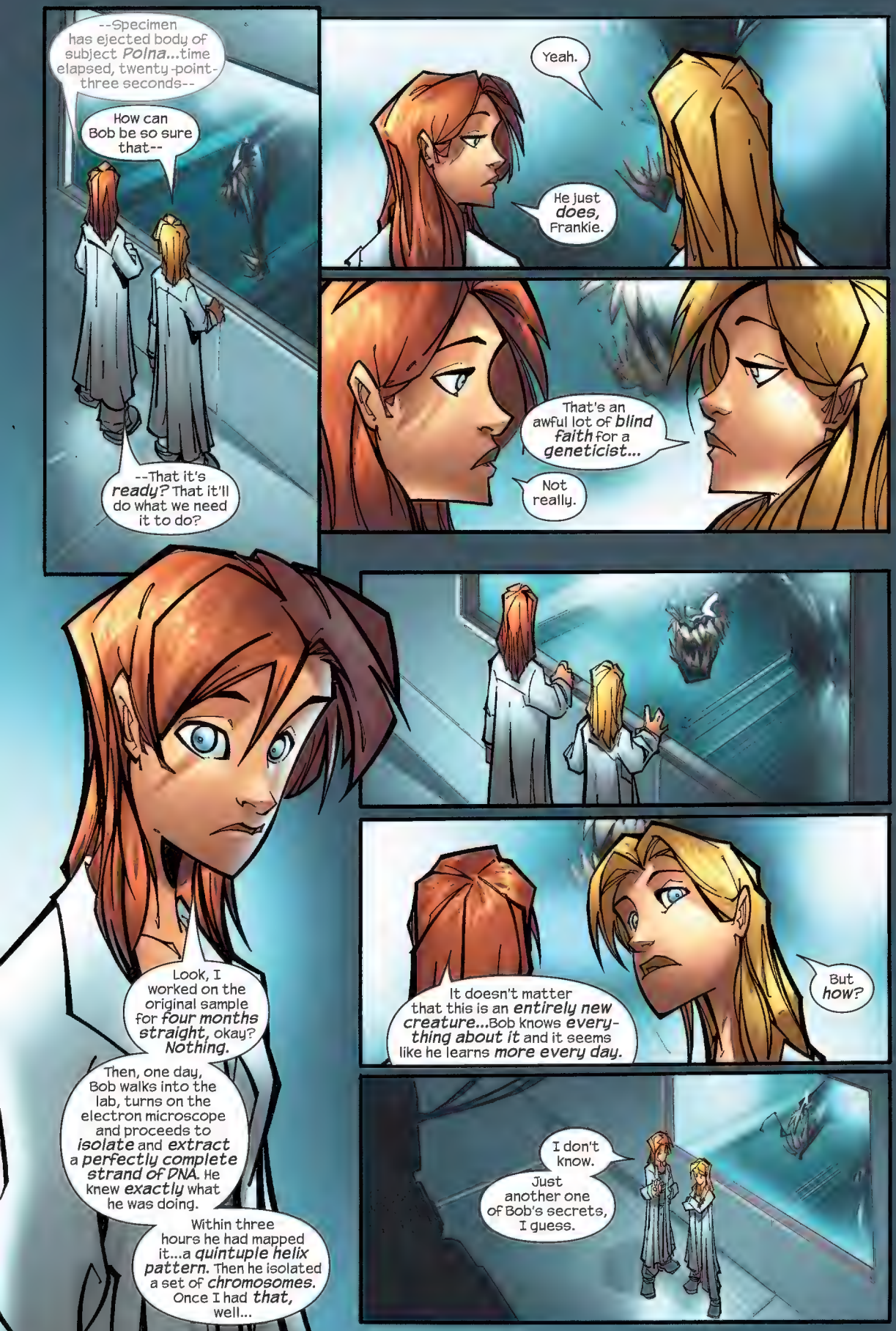
Please take me to my room now!
Oh, $@&*!

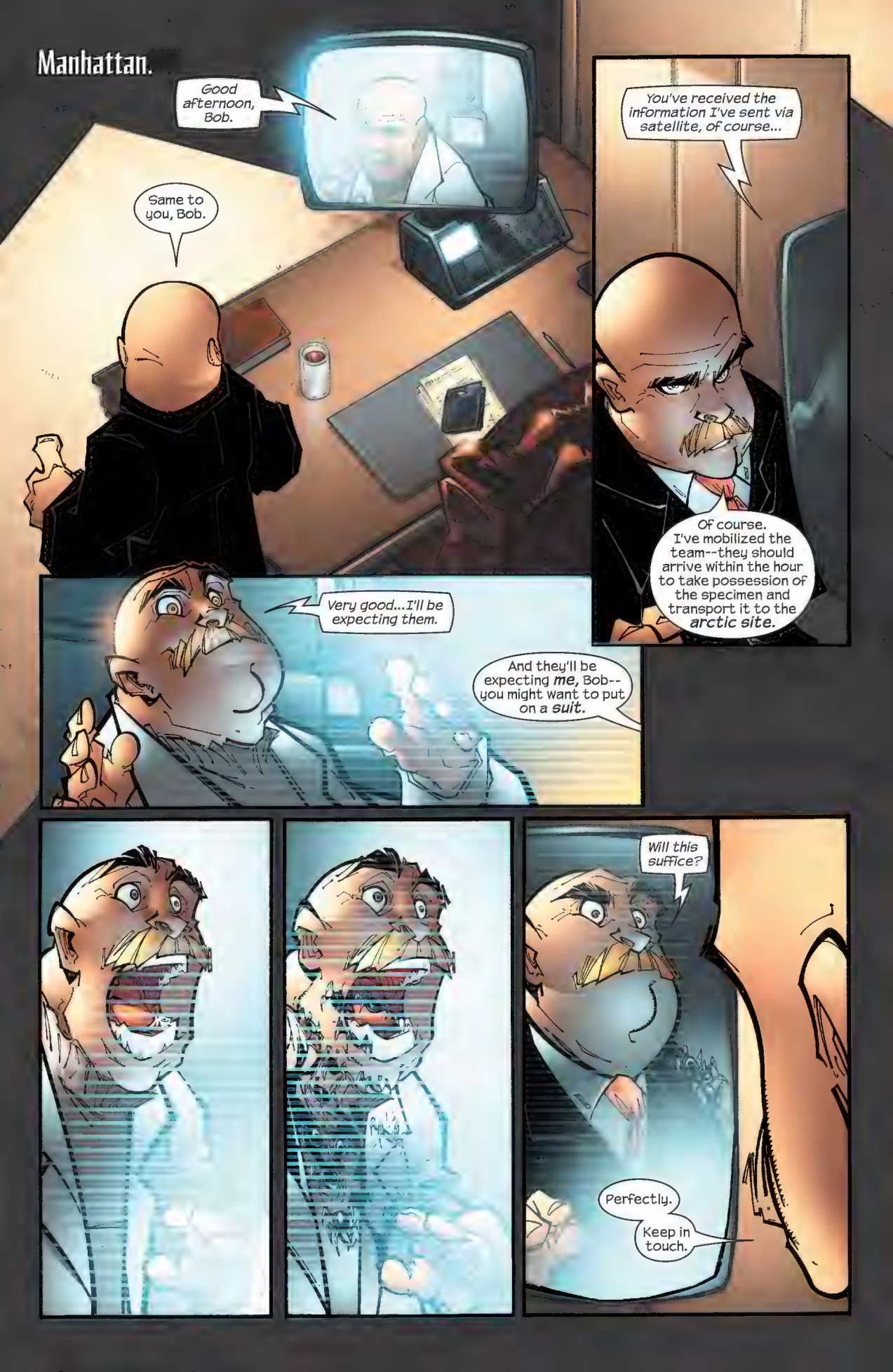
SLLIKK!
Get offa me!
Polna's having a massive heart attack--looks like he'll be dead in less than a minute.
And Moody?
Also maxing out, but his brain activity is markedly different...more focused.
What do you think is going to happen?
"I think he's going to fight back."
SSWOKK!
C'mon up!
I ain't scared'a you!
I ain't scared!
THWOKK!
Uh...guys... What just happened?

"Where did it go?"
Izzat all you got fo' me?
I'm a straight killa, yo! I done had tougher fights in--
The library.
You fought with everything you had, but there were too many of them...it was four against one. You were helpless.
And then, once they had you pinned down--
Shut up!
But you got back at them... one by one.
Because you didn't want the other prisoners to know what they had--
I said shut up, yo! That ain't...
That ain't... true...
Yes it is, Eric.
And guess what?

IT'S GOING TO HAPPEN AGAIN!
No-- pleasen0000!
SHPLAK!
It's ready.


Bob--
wait!
These are completely new behavior patterns...not to mention the fact that it somehow extracted memories along with the--
This was all expected.
It was?
Maybe "expected" is the wrong word...this is what we hoped for.
We're all aware of what we were "hoping" for, Bob--and this is encouraging, but--
But before we release it from the lab, we should at least repeat the process we've just seen, only this time we'll be--
Ladies, ladies...
You've done an incredible job here...but it's time to move on to the next phase.
We have an incredible amount of very important work to do in a very short amount of time--you both know that. Further test feedings, such as the one we've just witnessed, would be redundant.
Besides...
...we want it to be hungry.


--Specimen has ejected body of subject Polna...time elapsed, twenty-point-three seconds--
How can Bob be so sure that--
--That it's ready? That it'll do what we need it to do?
Yeah.
He just does, Frankie.
That's an awful lot of blind faith for a geneticist...
Not really.
Look, I worked on the original sample for four months straight, okay? Nothing.
Then, one day, Bob walks into the lab, turns on the electron microscope and proceeds to isolate and extract a perfectly complete strand of DNA. He knew exactly what he was doing.
Within three hours he had mapped it...a quintuple helix pattern. Then he isolated a set of chromosomes. Once I had that, well...
It doesn't matter that this is an entirely new creature...Bob knows everything about it and it seems like he learns more every day.
But how?
I don't know.
Just another one of Bob's secrets, I guess.


Manhattan.
Good afternoon, Bob.
Same to you, Bob.
You've received the information I've sent via satellite, of course...
Of course. I've mobilized the team--they should arrive within the hour to take possession of the specimen and transport it to the arctic site.
Very good...I'll be expecting them.
And they'll be expecting me, Bob--you might want to put on a suit.
Will this suffice?
Perfectly.
Keep in touch.

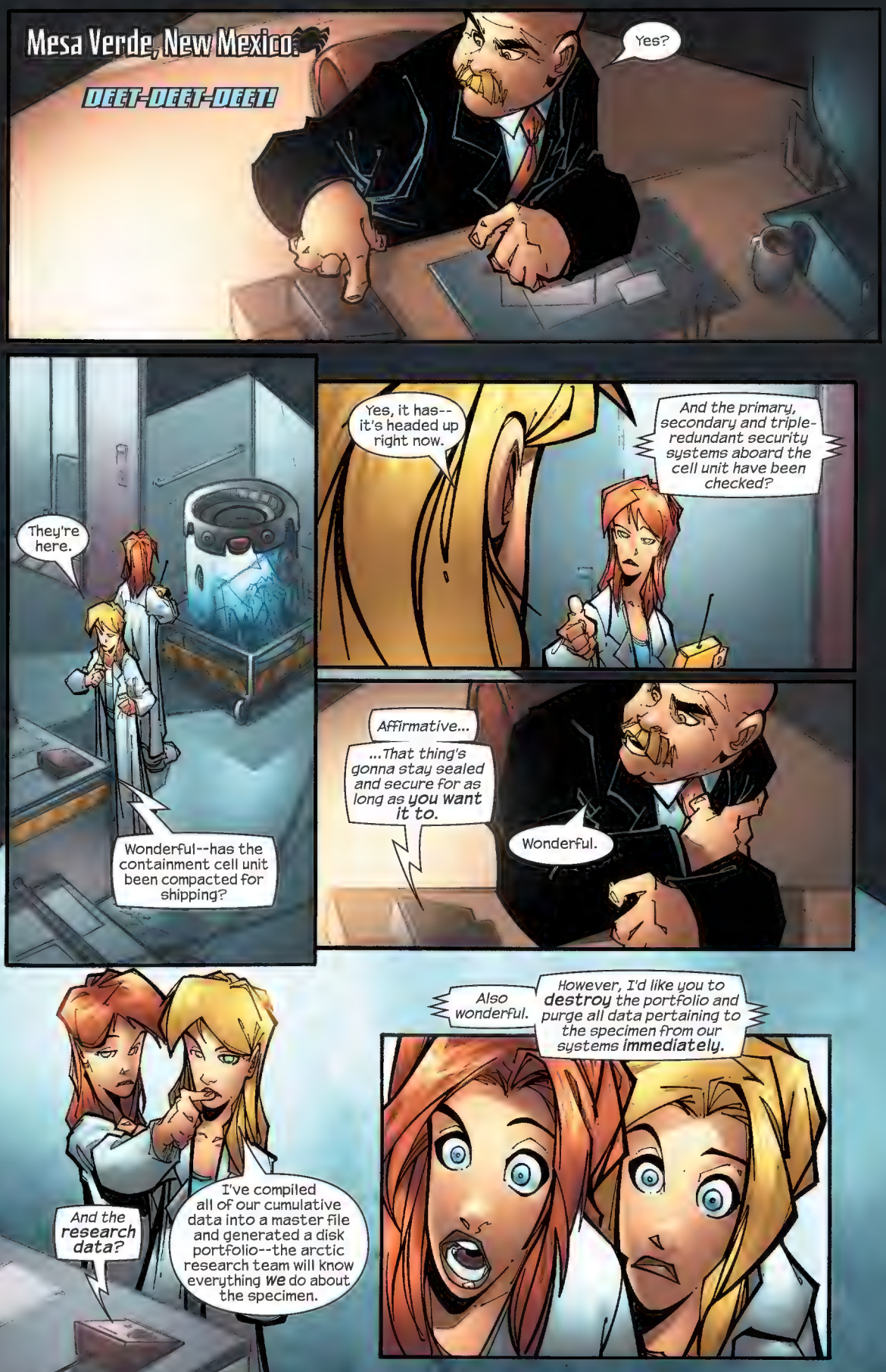
The Four Freedoms Plaza.
How do they communicate, anyway?
I've yet to completely figure that one out, actually...
They're kinda creepy, Reed.
They're fascinating.
Between those things and that disgusting alien symbiote, you must be in a state of scientific nirvana.
I, on the other hand, have been a very lonely woman.
I'm...I'm sorry if you feel I've been ignoring you, Susan... I...
It's just that--
Relax, Reed...
I know that what you're doing is important, and you wouldn't be you if you didn't throw yourself into it.
I'm just saying that it would be nice to... you know...
BZZZT!
Hey, Reed?
S.H.I.E.L.D.'s here to take Brock and the symbiote to the Vault.

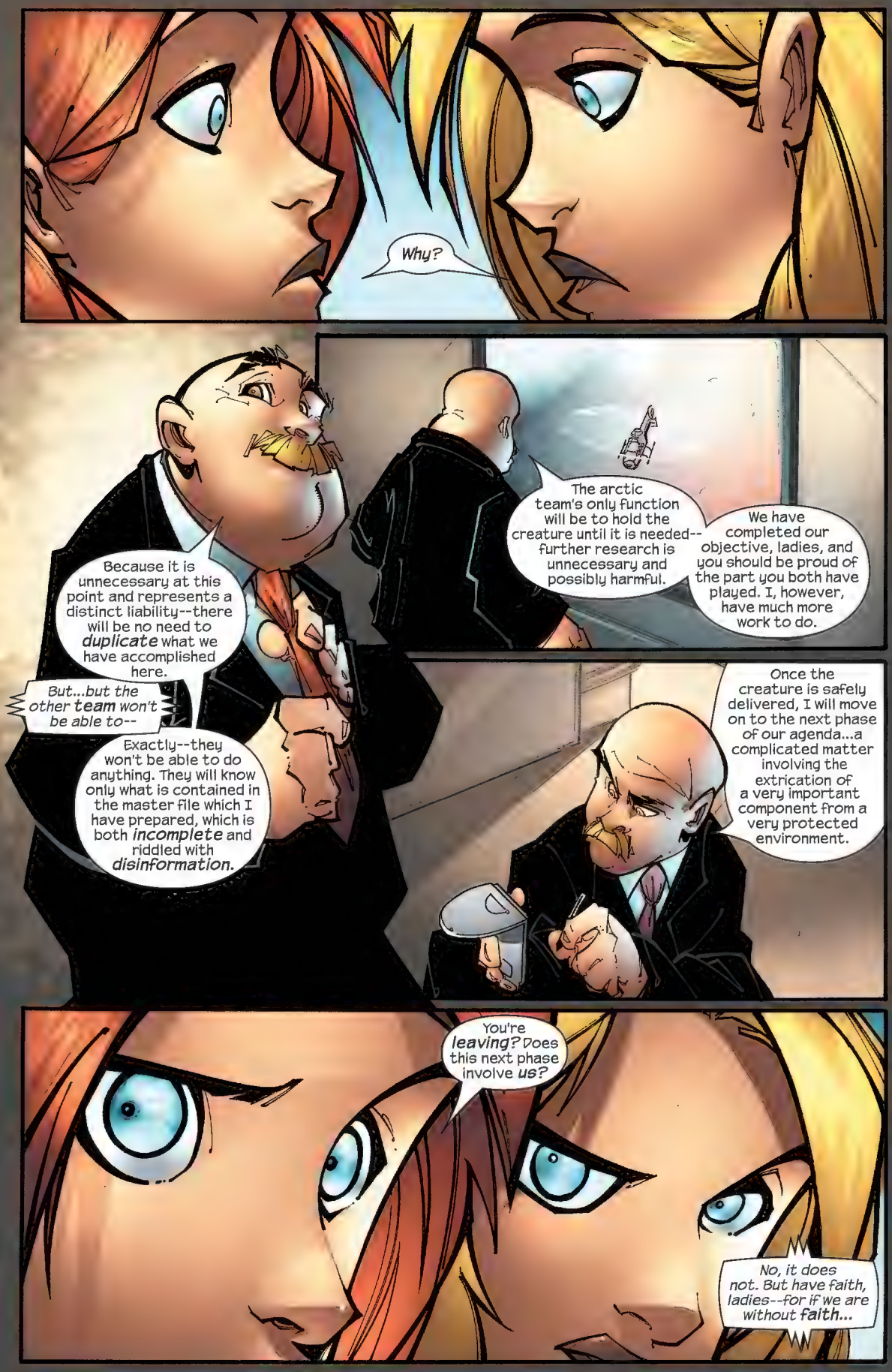
Reed.
Hope I didn't interrupt anything important.
Ah... no, not really, Fury.
Please follow me.
Brock is in a holding cell on level six...I've been monitoring his condition and I've noticed that there is a small aberrant growth on his frontal lobe--
He's got cancer? Good.
You four-- level six! Grab the psycho and lock 'im down hard! Get 'im up to the roof for extraction in ten!
I don't believe it to be a cancerous growth-- not yet, at least-- but it could possibly explain Brock's psychotic--
You have a very crass demeanor toward your fellow man, Fury.
Women, too.
But aliens?
I just plain hate 'em.
I don't care-- that stuff's for shrinks an' doctors to worry about, not soldiers.
Far as I'm concerned, there's nothin' wrong with Brock that a forty-five caliber injection to the back of the head won't fix.

Okay... what are *these* things?
Nano-machines... I've been using them to gather data on the symbiote. The research has proved fas--
Get 'em out.
Susan? If you would, please?
You see, Susan is able to control the force-field, allowing the nano-machines to pass through while still keeping the symbiote contained.
These nano-machines...you *made* 'em?
I suppose you could say they *made themselves*--I found one of them attached to the hull of our ship upon return from an off-world expedition. Since then, they have multiplied...
...They're a truly fascinating species--
Yeah... *truly.*
All right, gentlemen--let's get this thing outta here, pronto.

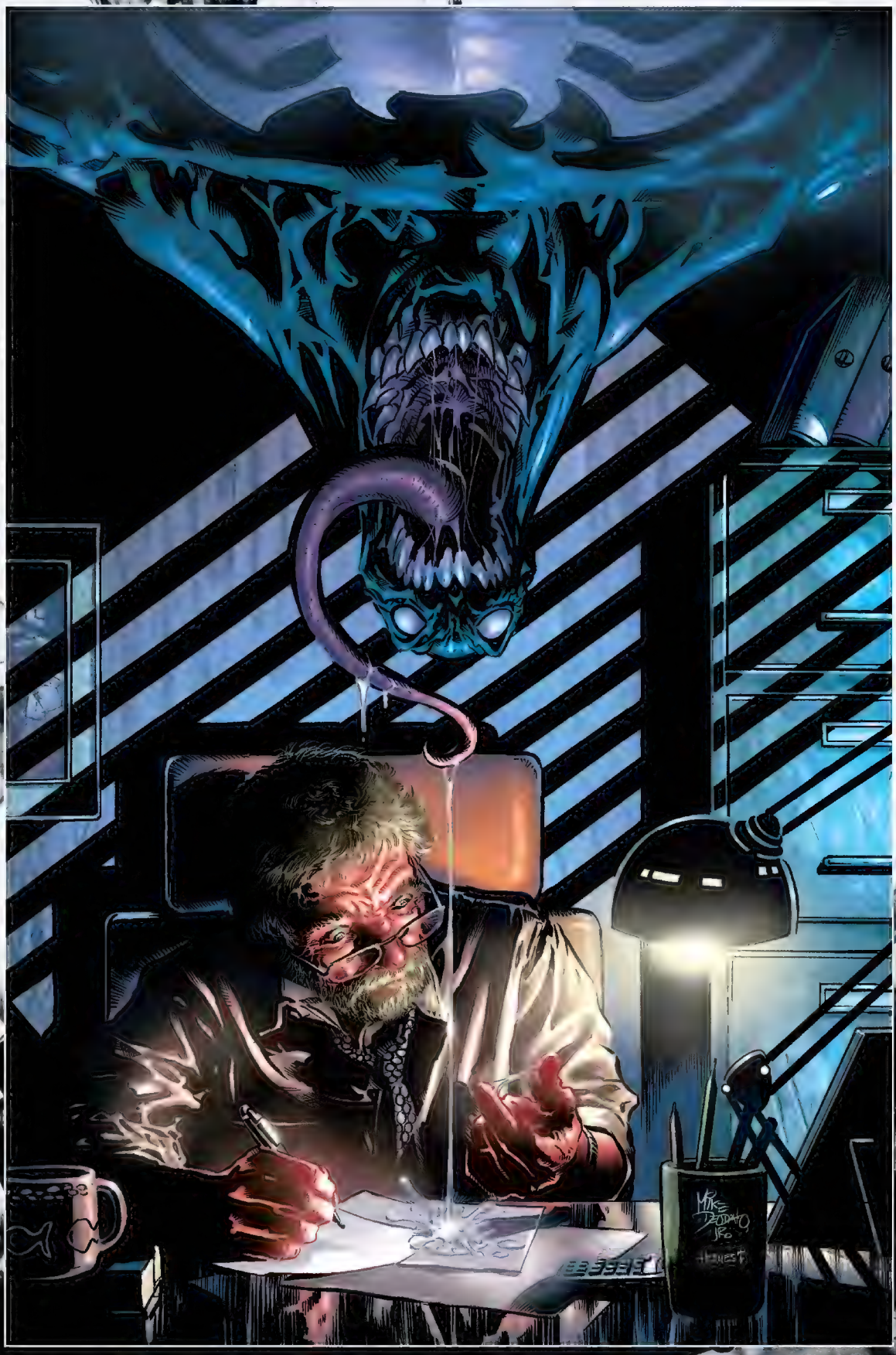
Keep it steady, gentlemen...
Hauser! I wanna know everything that's going on in that first carrier, understand? If Brock picks his nose, I wanna know what he pulls out!
Yes, Colonel Fury, sir!
Thank you for your help, Nick!
Yeah-- whatever!
Say good-bye to Susan for me!
Go.
Roger that.
Seemed like a smooth extraction...
Roger that.

S.H.I.E.L.D.'s Research Facility 409:
Impressive, isn't it?
Not really.
Spoken like a true soldier.
It's a shame we won't be able to do any in-depth study... S.H.I.E.L.D. protocol dictates that we only get it for forty-eight hours before it's transferred to max-sec.
Basically, I only get to write a ten-page description of what it looks like, since it's been designated too volatile for research.
I've been through the file on this thing--there are over six hundred descriptions, interviews and incident reports--but nothing that gives us a clue to what it actually is.
Heh...you wouldn't happen to know, would you?
That's a negative.
But this thing does.
Wh...what's this? Where did it come from?
From my pocket.
But...how do you know that it--
Because it told me.
How?
It called me.


Mesa Verde, New Mexico.
DEET-DEET-DEET!
Yes?
They're here.
Wonderful--has the containment cell unit been compacted for shipping?
Yes, it has--it's headed up right now.
And the primary, secondary and triple-redundant security systems aboard the cell unit have been checked?
Affirmative...
...That thing's gonna stay sealed and secure for as long as you want it to.
Wonderful.
And the research data?
I've compiled all of our cumulative data into a master file and generated a disk portfolio--the arctic research team will know everything we do about the specimen.
Also wonderful.
However, I'd like you to destroy the portfolio and purge all data pertaining to the specimen from our systems immediately.


Why?
The arctic team's only function will be to hold the creature until it is needed--further research is unnecessary and possibly harmful.
We have completed our objective, ladies, and you should be proud of the part you both have played. I, however, have much more work to do.
Because it is unnecessary at this point and represents a distinct liability--there will be no need to duplicate what we have accomplished here.
But...but the other team won't be able to--
Exactly--they won't be able to do anything. They will know only what is contained in the master file which I have prepared, which is both incomplete and riddled with disinformation.
Once the creature is safely delivered, I will move on to the next phase of our agenda...a complicated matter involving the extrication of a very important component from a very protected environment.
You're leaving? Does this next phase involve us?
No, it does not. But have faith, ladies--for if we are without faith...

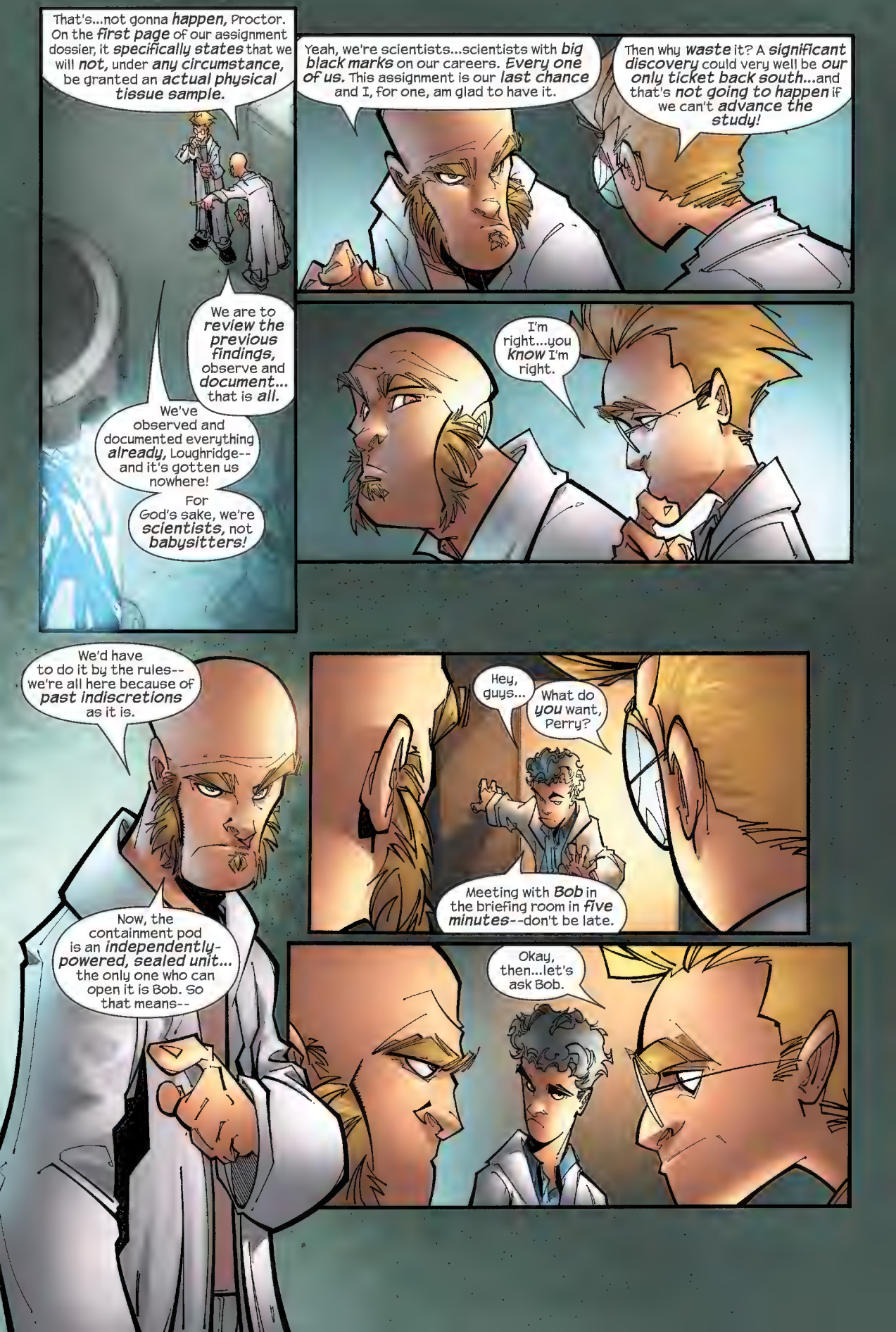
"...then we are without *hope.*"
Hello, sir--I'm from the *arctic site?*
We're here to, uh...pick up *the package?*
Of course, Mr. Perry... everything is ready for you.
I am quite interested in what your *findings* will be...

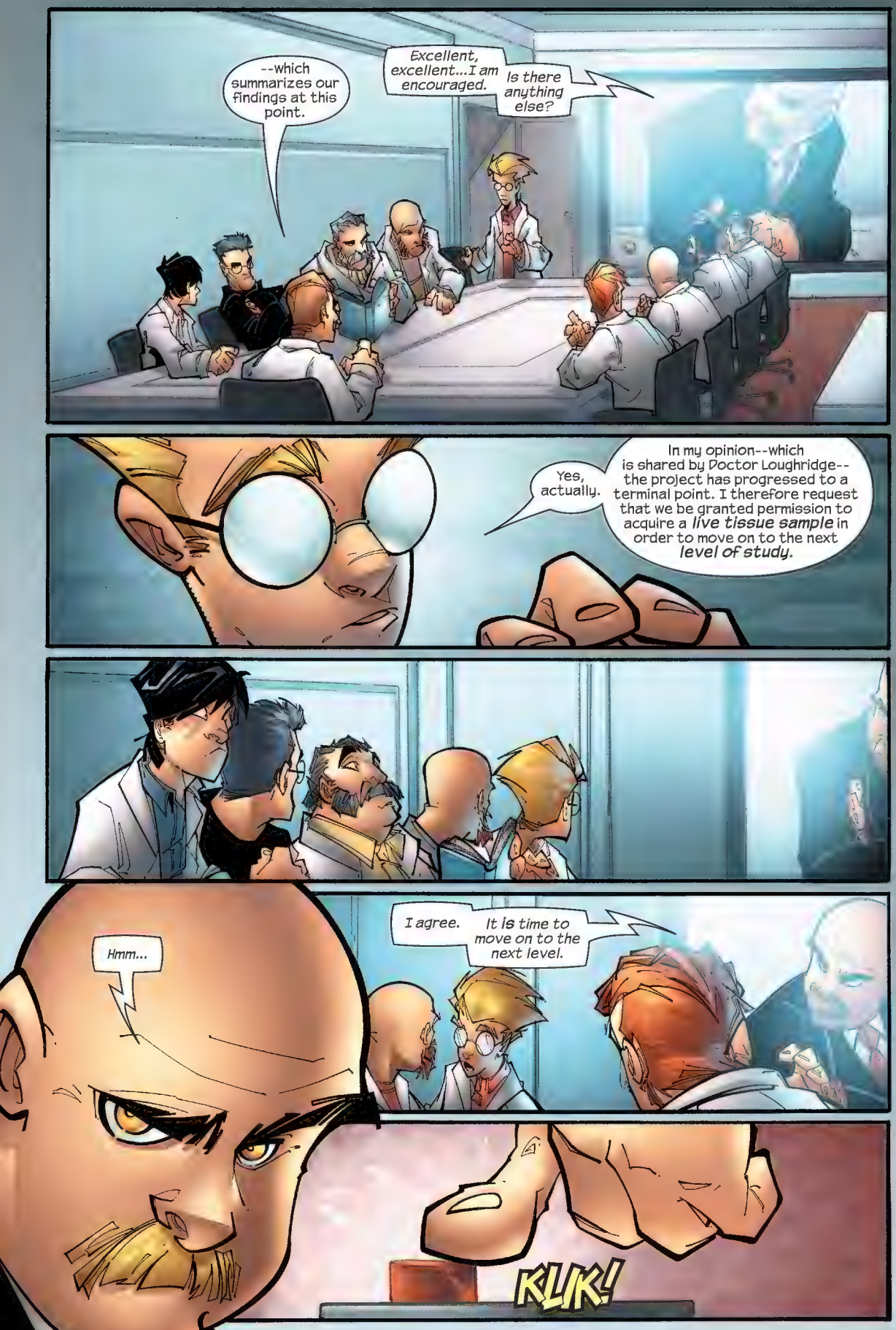


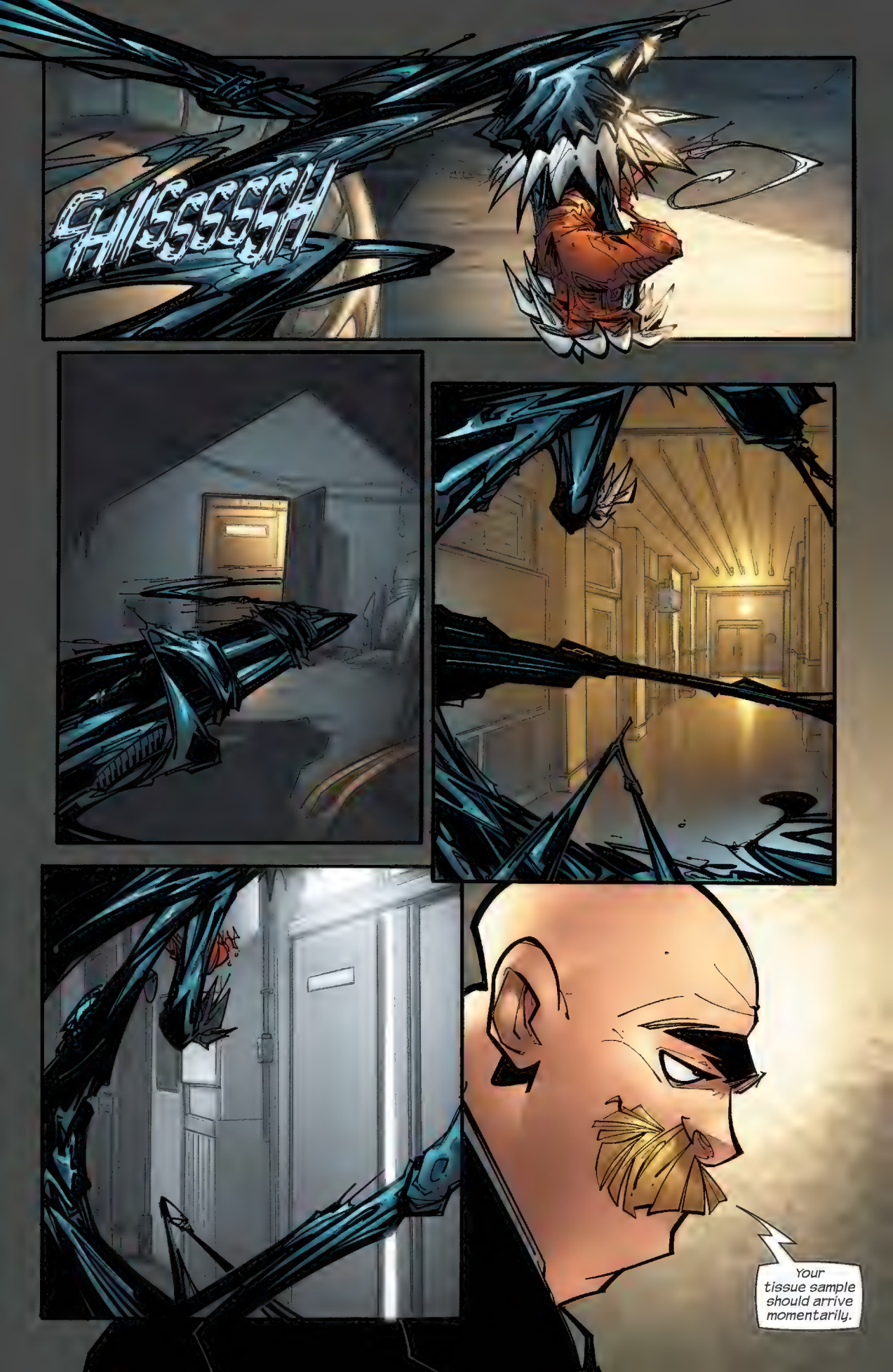
THIRTEEN

THE ARARAT CORPORATION'S ARCTIC RESEARCH FACILITY:
ONE MONTH AGO.
Okay... that's it.
I give up.
What's wrong...what is it?
You tell me.

There's nothing more that I can do... the *data* is *incomplete.*
No, *Proctor,* the *data* isn't incomplete...the *DNA* is incomplete.
I *know* that, *Loughridge*-- I'm the one who *documented* that fact *nineteen months ago.* The incomplete strands temporarily bond with the *host organism's DNA,* which factors into how the specimen is able to assume the host's *characteristics.*
So... what's the *problem?*
The *"problem"* is that we haven't learned a single thing *since* then! We've been going around in *circles,* and this file and all the data we were *given*--
--are completely *useless!*
With the restrictions we're operating under--it's as if they don't *want* us to do anything with it!
That's ridiculous--
You're right...it *is.*
We need a tissue sample.


That's...not gonna happen, Proctor. On the first page of our assignment dossier, it specifically states that we will not, under any circumstance, be granted an actual physical tissue sample.
We are to review the previous findings, observe and document... that is all.
We've observed and documented everything already, Loughridge--and it's gotten us nowhere!
For God's sake, we're scientists, not babysitters!
Yeah, we're scientists...scientists with big black marks on our careers. Every one of us. This assignment is our last chance and I, for one, am glad to have it.
Then why waste it? A significant discovery could very well be our only ticket back south...and that's not going to happen if we can't advance the study!
I'm right...you know I'm right.
We'd have to do it by the rules--we're all here because of past indiscretions as it is.
Now, the containment pod is an independently-powered, sealed unit... the only one who can open it is Bob. So that means--
Hey, guys...
What do you want, Perry?
Meeting with Bob in the briefing room in five minutes--don't be late.
Okay, then...let's ask Bob.


--which summarizes our findings at this point.
Excellent, excellent...I am encouraged.
Is there anything else?
Yes, actually.
In my opinion--which is shared by Doctor Loughridge--the project has progressed to a terminal point. I therefore request that we be granted permission to acquire a live tissue sample in order to move on to the next level of study.
I agree.
It is time to move on to the next level.
Hmm...
KLIK!


GHSSSSSH
Your tissue sample should arrive momentarily.

PATTERNS PART 3

S.H.I.E.L.D. HEADQUARTERS
Brock and the symbiote have escaped from the vault.
Late last night.
Yeah, I know.
You've done a remarkable job keeping me out of the loop on this situation, Fury...do you happen to have a plan?
Yep.
I see...well, you have my number.
KLIK
$#@* you, Reed.
Forget it--it's not ready!
What's the problem, nerd?

We can't send it out yet--we don't know if our modifications to the *nano-machine* will even *work, let alone* do what we need it to!
I mean, don't you think we should test it at least once?
You're right.
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
It passed.
That's... not *enough* to...
It's gonna *have* to be.

This is Fury: fuel up the cargo carrier--I'm goin' out for a spin.
Nick, listen to me--!
No-- you listen to me:
If even half of the intelligence I got out of Reed's little nano-spider is accurate, we are looking at a bona fide global threat which has been networked to the highest and lowest reaches of military and political power worldwide.
KLAK!
This is the big one...and that thing over there is what's gonna buy me the time I'll need to deal with it.
When it comes to dealing with these Venom things, humans are useless--they're too susceptible. That's why I'm not sending out my guys. This is the one and only plan, and with Brock out, it needs to be implemented now.
I know, I'm sorry--it's just that, working solo on this for so long, not being able to consult with anyone because they might already be compromised--
--You're right.
I know I am.
There's only one thing that bothers me...
Much better.
The carrier's ready, sir-- what is your heading?

AAAAAAIIEE!
Get in! Get in!
OH, #@$%...
Hurry!
WHAM!
FWUMP!
Help me hold the door!
Help me hold the door!

I can't do it alone--
FWAK!
Hub... muh...
SKLRRRRIIITCH
YYYYAAAAAIIIEEE!
PLAP!

What...
...What's it waiting for?
I think it knows.
What... what does it know?
That we're trapped in here.

What are we gonna do?
I don't... I don't know...
The cooler!
It has a heavy door with an airtight seal... we can lock it from the inside. I don't think that thing will be able to--
But we'll suffocate! With all of us in there, we'd only have enough air to last us maybe--
Do you have a better idea?
We shouldn't have come in here in the first place! We should've gone to the comm room and--!
Hey, guys...?
Where's Perry?
WHAM!
CHK!
Perry, you little--

CHK!
What... happened to the lights?
SWIPE
AAHH!
AAAAAHHHH!
Huh?
Are you...okay, Loughridge?
Yeah... actually...

...I FEEL GREAT.
RUN!
Ohno it'sgot me!
Help meeee!
I'm--I'm sorry!
SKLUTCH!
I'm sorry!

Oh, jeez...
Oh, jeez...
C'mon...stupid keypad...
BEEEEP!
Yes!
John-- wait!
You-- you're alive!
How'd you get away?
I, uh...
I DIDN'T...

...AND NEITHER ARE YOU!
HUK--!
AAHH--
AAAAAAHHHH!

KLIK
It's time for "go"--according to the intel you gave me, we should be over the target in less than a minute.
You ready?
Yes.
Who do you *work* for?
I work for no one. I have come from a planet far away on a mission.
Very good!
Now get the @$#% out!

My calculations were slightly in error. The creature, however, is near.
No excuses.
Go.

M SILVA CO.
PEEERRRRYYY...
I KNOW WHERE YOU'RE HIIIDINNNNG...
HEH-HEH-HEH...
CHK-CHK-CHK!
OOOHH... YOU'VE LOCKED ME OUT.
THAT'S OKAY... WE CAN JUST TALK FOR NOW.
I CAN WAIT.

FOUR DAYS LATER
Please... please stop...
P-please kill me now...
HMM... LET ME THINK ABOUT IT...
NO.
I THINK I'LL LET YOU--
Hey--it's Robertson... from the radar station.
I brought your movies back.
You got any more?
Yo! Kinda brisk out here...
HEH-HEH-HEH...
120
RMQ

H-help...
Oh, God... please...
...Please help me.

FOURTEEN

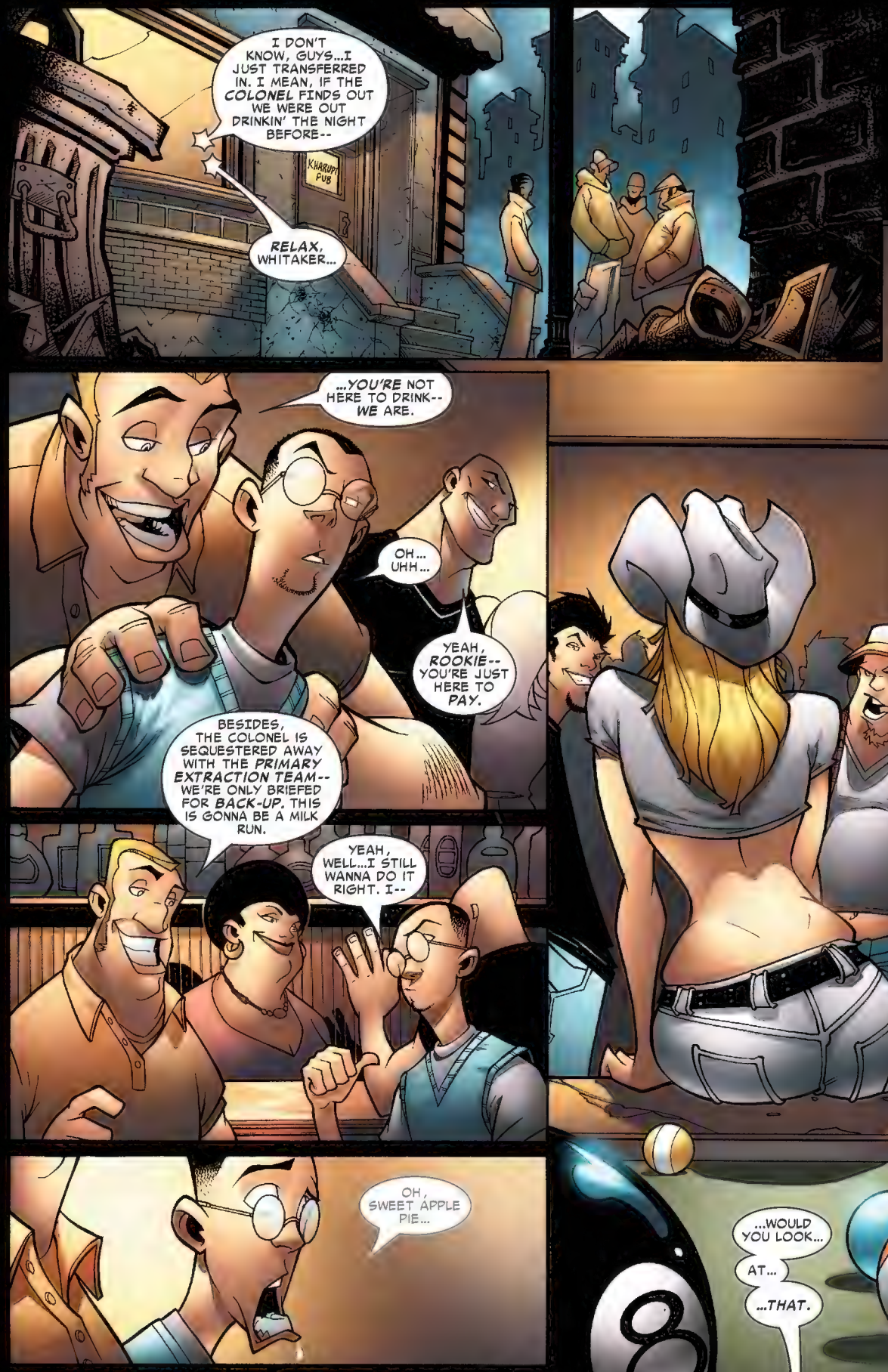
S.H.I.E.L.D. HEADQUARTERS
WE'RE RUNNIN' OUTTA TIME HERE, LADIES...WHERE'S MY TARGET?
WE'RE ALMOST THERE, COLONEL FURY--THE SIGNATURE IS VERY HARD TO PINPOINT, EVEN WITH THE INCREDIBLE AMOUNT OF DATA THAT WE HAVE.
THAT SOUNDS SUSPICIOUSLY LIKE AN EXCUSE, SOLDIER.
DEE-DEE-DEE-DEET!
I HAVE LOCATED THE TARGET.
GIMME THE COORDINATES. DO NOT ENGAGE.
I REPEAT: DO...NOT... ENGAGE.
ACTIVATE THE TEAMS.
WE GO TONIGHT.

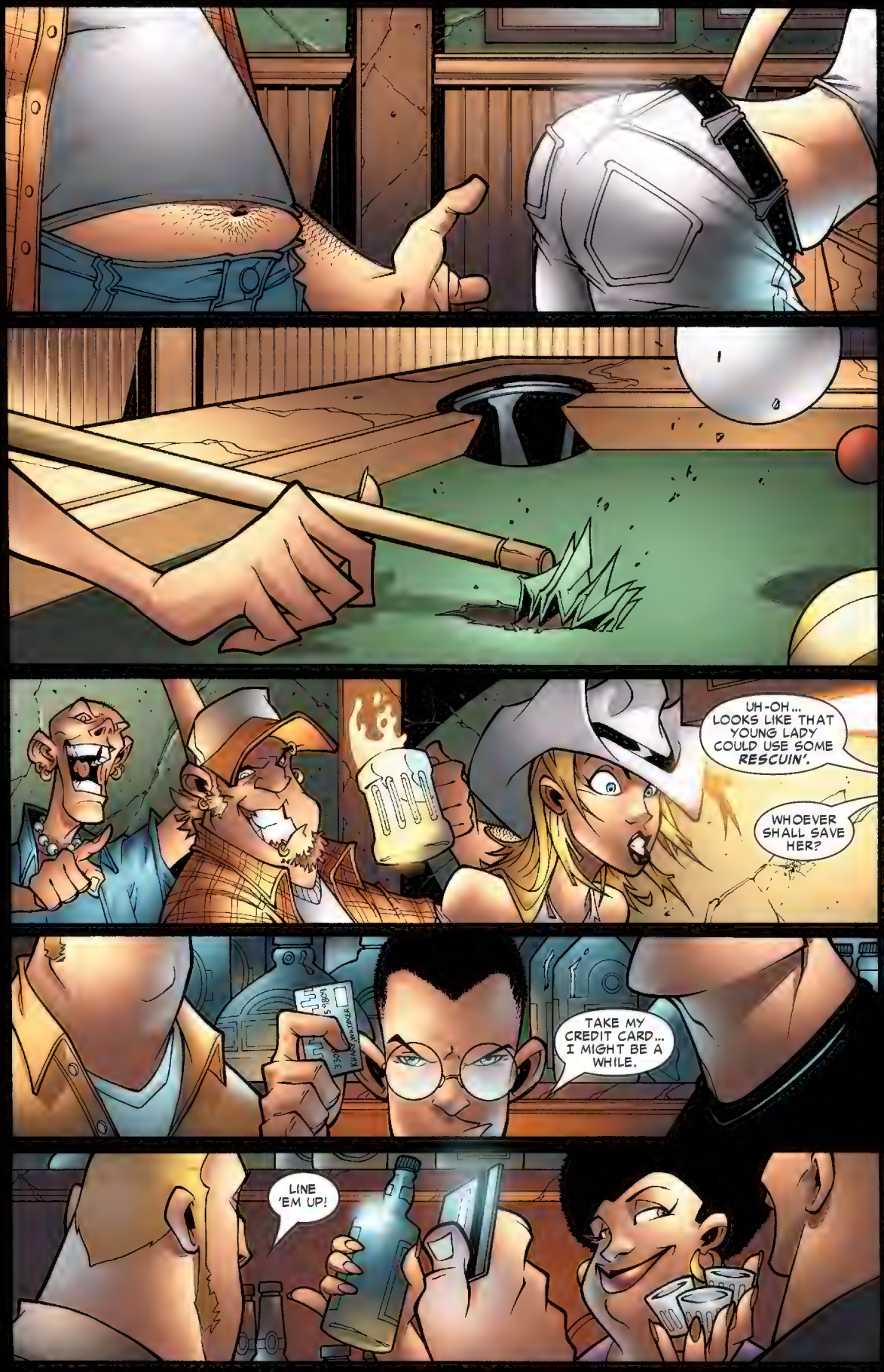
MANHATTAN
HHHSSSSSSS

I DID NOT COME TO STOP YOU.
THERE HAS BEEN A CHANGE OF PLANS.
THERE WAS A PLAN?

WE HAVE CONTACT.
ROOFTOP. SEVEN BLOCKS EAST.
THEY'RE TALKING.
OF COURSE THEY ARE.
THE INTELLIGENCE I'VE PIRATED FROM THE S.H.I.E.L.D. RELAY SATELLITE INDICATES THAT THEY WILL BE MOVING QUICKLY, PROBABLY LATER TONIGHT OR EARLY IN THE MORNING.
SHE JUST LEFT.
EXCELLENT. FOLLOW HER AT A SAFE DISTANCE AND KEEP ME INFORMED OF ANY NEW DEVELOPMENTS ON THE GROUND.
I'LL BE MONITORING THE SITUATION FROM HERE. EXPECT A CALL VERY SOON.
DEET
DEET
DEET
HOW ARE WE PROGRESSING, LADIES?

TWIST
PART ONE
RIGHT ON SCHEDULE, BOB.


I DON'T KNOW, GUYS...I JUST TRANSFERRED IN. I MEAN, IF THE COLONEL FINDS OUT WE WERE OUT DRINKIN' THE NIGHT BEFORE--
KHARUPI PUB
RELAX, WHITAKER...
...YOU'RE NOT HERE TO DRINK-- WE ARE.
OH... UHH...
YEAH, ROOKIE-- YOU'RE JUST HERE TO PAY.
BESIDES, THE COLONEL IS SEQUESTERED AWAY WITH THE PRIMARY EXTRACTION TEAM-- WE'RE ONLY BRIEFED FOR BACK-UP. THIS IS GONNA BE A MILK RUN.
YEAH, WELL...I STILL WANNA DO IT RIGHT. I--
OH, SWEET APPLE PIE...
...WOULD YOU LOOK...
AT...
...THAT.


UH-OH... LOOKS LIKE THAT YOUNG LADY COULD USE SOME RESCUIN'.
WHOEVER SHALL SAVE HER?
TAKE MY CREDIT CARD... I MIGHT BE A WHILE.
LINE 'EM UP!

YOU LIKE GROPING GIRLS, BIG GUY? YOU LIKE THE WAY THAT FELT?
HEH-HEH...OH, YEAH.
WELL, HOW 'BOUT THIS?
SHOK!
WHAT ABOUT THE REST OF YOU, HUH?
WHUDD!
HRK!
YOU LIKE IT ROUGH, TOO?
ANYBODY ELSE WANT SOME?

HOW 'BOUT YOU, CUTIE?
I... UH...
...I JUST WANTED TO KNOW IF I COULD BUY YOU A DRINK--?
NAH...
...I'M ALREADY DRUNK.
LET'S GO TO YOUR PLACE INSTEAD.
CARRY ON, SOLDIER!

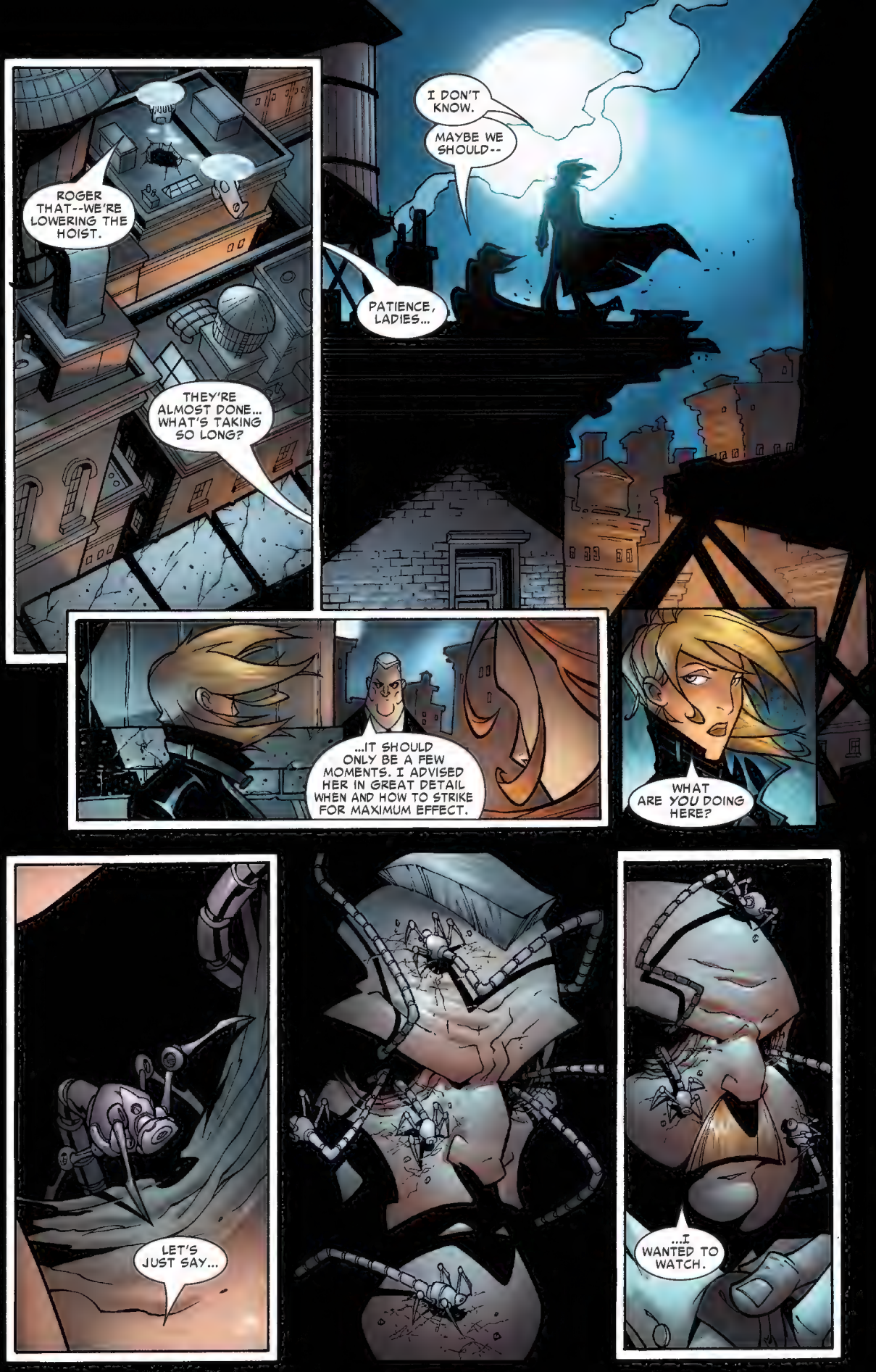
LATER
PUT ON YOUR BOOTS, SOLDIER!
WE GOT THE CALL--LIFT-OFF IN TWO!
I DON'T...KNOW WHERE MY BOOTS ARE...
OVER THERE BY THE CLOSET DOOR.
THAT BROAD FROM THE BAR LAST NIGHT ALREADY TAKE OFF?
UH... YEAH.
NO STRINGS ATTACHED, HUH?
NOPE.
HEH-HEH... YOU JUST GOTTA LOVE A PURE-BREED AMERICAN SKANK.
WELL, THAT'S NOT A VERY NICE THING TO SAY...

I'M A S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENT, WHITAKER.
I DON'T SAY NICE THINGS.
THIS IS FURY--LISTEN UP, BETA TEAM: YOU ARE HERE AS A SAFETY MEASURE IN CASE THIS EXTRACTION GOES TO HELL--WHICH IT WILL NOT.
ALPHA TEAM WILL BE HANDLING THE PRIMARY--AND THAT IS ALL THEY WILL CONCERN THEMSELVES WITH. ANYTHING COMES UP, YOU WILL HANDLE IT QUICKLY AND EFFICIENTLY. NO MISTAKES ON THIS ONE, LADIES.
AND NO SURPRISES.

FURY OUT.
ALPHA TEAM:
WE GO IN FAST AND HARD-- WE NEED VENOM CONTAINED IMMEDIATELY. IF YOU HESITATE, YOU WILL DIE.
I KNOW WE'VE TRAINED FOR THIS, BUT LET ME STATE, ONCE AGAIN, THAT THE WEAPONS YOU ARE CARRYING, FIRE A STREAM OF POLY-ACRYLIC GEL THAT HARDENS IN LESS THAN A SECOND WHEN EXPOSED TO AIR...SO AIM CAREFULLY.
ONCE WE HAVE THE TARGET SECURED, PROCEED IMMEDIATELY TO THE CONTAINMENT CELL. IF, WHILE WE ARE EN ROUTE TO THE DELIVERY POINT, WE LOSE CONTAINMENT, WE WILL PROCEED OUT TO SEA AND ORDER THE SECONDARY TEAM TO FIRE UPON US UNTIL WE ARE NEUTRALIZED.
AT WHICH POINT A POD OF WAITING SUBS WILL NUKE US.
TWICE.
SO DON'T #@% UP.
PILOTS: FLATTEN OUT THE ROTORS AND KILL THE RADIO--WE GO SILENT ON MY MARK.
THREE.
TWO.
ONE.
MARK.

BWOOOOM!
PFFFFSSSSSSHHHH
WHERE'D IT GO? WHERE'D IT GO?
OH--

LEMME GET CLEAR! PLEASENO--!
CHHHLLIIK-CHHHLLIIK
GLIK!
HIT 'IM AGAIN!
NO NEED--HE'S STUCK.
YEAH.
AND SO IS LIEUTENANT BILLINGS.
OBJECTIVE... COMPLETE.


ROGER THAT--WE'RE LOWERING THE HOIST.
THEY'RE ALMOST DONE... WHAT'S TAKING SO LONG?
I DON'T KNOW.
MAYBE WE SHOULD--
PATIENCE, LADIES...
...IT SHOULD ONLY BE A FEW MOMENTS. I ADVISED HER IN GREAT DETAIL WHEN AND HOW TO STRIKE FOR MAXIMUM EFFECT.
WHAT ARE *YOU* DOING HERE?
LET'S JUST SAY...
...I WANTED TO WATCH.

MOVE! MOVE! MOVE!
WE DON'T HAVE ALL NIGHT--
CONTAINMENT IS BROKEN! REPEAT: WE'VE LOST--!
CHOPPER ONE--?
THIS IS FURY: CONTAINMENT IS NOT BROKEN. I HAVE VENOM RIGHT HERE--
FWOOM!
WHAT THE LIVIN' #&*#?!
SIR! WE'RE BEING FIRED UPON BY OUR OWN--!
I DID NOT GIVE THE ORDER TO FIRE! REPEAT: HOLD YOUR FIRE!

WHAT THE HECK IS GOIN' ON UP THERE?!
C'MON... C'MON...LINE UP!
CAN'T SEE WITH THESE STUPID GLASSES...
MUCH BETTER.
CHK!
KSSSHH!
SUNNUVAH...
ALL RIGHT, YOU TREASONOUS LITTLE $#@$--YOU WANNA MESS WITH FURY?

KKKRRRKKKK!
KROOM!
I'LL SHOW YA WHO YER MESSIN' WITH!
KBOOM! KBOOM! KBOOM!
HEY, SURE, NICKY...
...I MEAN, YOU'RE TOTALLY WELCOME...

AFTER ALL, I *LIVE* FOR THIS KINDA STUFF.
GET YOUR MEN CLEAR--
THWIP!
FWAPP
FWAPP
--I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE CHOPPER.
I HOPE.
EVERYBODY HOLD ONTO SOMETHING-- I DON'T KNOW HOW WELL THIS IS GOING TO WORK OUT!

WHUP-WHUP-WHUP-WHUP-WHUP-WHUP
KRROOOM
AAAAHH!
DON'T STOP...MOVING, ROBERTSON...
WE HAD A DEAL, EDDIE...
...AND YOU BROKE IT...

...SO WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO NOW?
SHOULD WE FIGHT?
OR MAYBE WE SHOULD CHASE EACH OTHER AROUND THE CITY, CAUSING WANTON DESTRUCTION AND ENDANGERING HUMAN LIFE AT EVERY HAIR-RAISING TURN.
LISTEN TO ME: I'M NOT... "EDDIE."
OH, PLEASE... DON'T YOU THINK THAT ACT IS GETTING A LITTLE OLD--
ACTUALLY, PARKER...NO...

...THIS IS DEFINITELY SOMETHING NEW.

FIFTEEN

BEAT IT, PARKER...
YOU'RE RUINING THE MOOD.
TWIST

DO AS HE SAYS.
THE LAST THING I NEED IS SOME KID IN HIS UNDERWEAR INTERFERING.
YOU MIGHT GET HURT.
WAAAAAAAHH!
OOOO... SEXY.

WE LOVE LIBERATED WOMEN.

HAHAHAHAHA!
IF YOU'RE GONNA PLAY HARD TO GET...
...PLAY HARDER.
WHAM!
WE LIKE IT ROUGH.
...SO... YOU WANT IT ROUGH?

I'LL GIVE YOU ROUGH.
SLUK!
SLUK!
SLUK!
UUHHHAAAHH!
THE COLLAR DEVICE SHE'S WEARING TO CONTROL THE ALIEN HAS BEEN REMOTELY DEACTIVATED, RIGHT?
THAT'S CORRECT--I'M SURPRISED SHE'S LASTED THIS LONG.
QUITE REMARKABLE.

C'MON NOW, SWEETIE...
YOU CAN'T JUST GIVE US A TASTE AND THEN TAKE IT BACK...
HEY, ROMEO...
K-CHAK!

TASTE THIS.
BOOM.

THIS IS FURY--WE'RE FUBAR OUT HERE...DO YOU READ?
REPEAT: THIS IS FURY--
SSSSHHKK
SON OF A...
FURY
FURY...
OH, HOW WE'VE... LONGED FOR THIS... DAY...
BUT WE'RE... FEELING A BIT... DRAINED... RIGHT NOW.
AND BESIDES...
WE HAVE... OTHER... THINGS TO DO.
SO YOU'LL HAVE TO DIE ALONE.
HHMMPH...

UGHK!
NO...NO...
DON'T LOSE CONTROL, ROBERTSON--DON'T GIVE IN.
STAY STRONG. STAY--
FOCUSED...

SO, WHAT'S YOUR NAME? BET IT'S SOMETHING REALLY MENACING, HUH?
KRAK!
NOT INTO CHIT-CHAT?
OH, I GET IT--SILENT AND FOREBODING, RIGHT?
SCARY.
SWOK!
PLEASE... PLEASE STOP! GET AWAY FROM ME!
OKAY, UH... THE ILLUSION HAS BEEN SHATTERED.
BEGGING IS NOT SCARY.
I SAID, GET AWAY FROM ME!

PLEASE...

HEY--HOLD STILL!
POW!
WHUMP!
HELLO, COLONEL FURY.
NEEDLESS TO SAY, THIS IS GOING TO HURT.

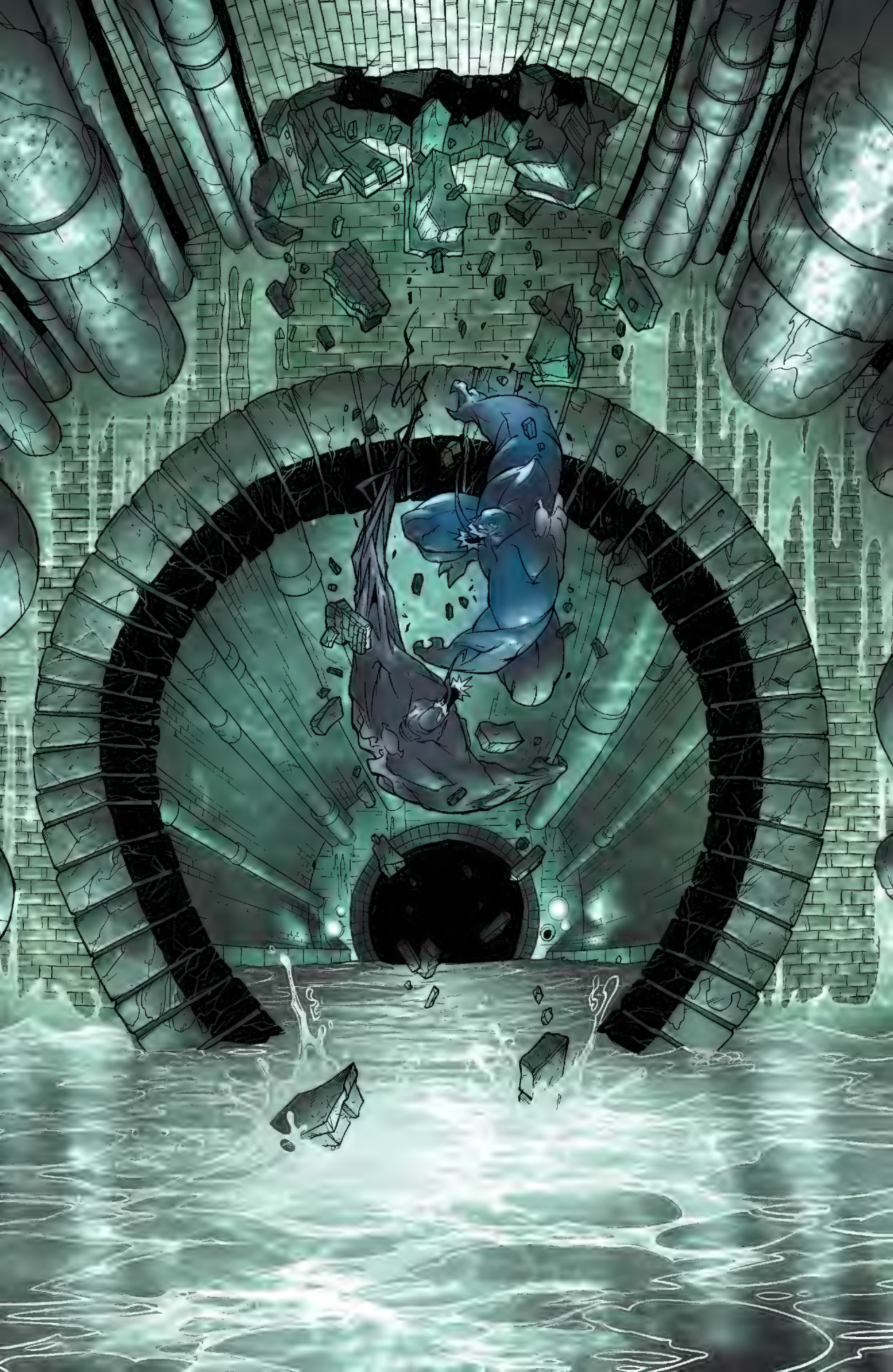
WWAAAHH!
WHO ARE YOU?
LISTEN CAREFULLY AND I'LL TELL YOU EVERY-THING YOU NEED TO KNOW:
THIRTY-THREE, FOUR, NINE HUNDRED, SIXTY-FIVE, TWO, FOUR, FORTY-FOUR, EIGHTY-EIGHT THOUSAND...
...NINETEEN, TWELVE, TWELVE MILLION, EIGHT, SEVENTY-TWO, ALPHA, ZULU, ALPHA.
OH, #*@...
STAND DOWN, COLONEL FURY.
THIS IS A DIRECT ORDER.

HOW...HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT CODE?
THAT CODE EXISTS BECAUSE OF ME, COLONEL FURY.
BY THE WAY, THE SCIENTIST WITH WHOM YOU WERE WORKING IN TANDEM WAS--DEBRIEFED--SEVERAL MINUTES AGO AND YOUR SOLE FIELD AGENT WILL BE CONTAINED SHORTLY. YOU DID A REMARKABLE JOB OF INTERNALIZATION ON THIS COVERT CAMPAIGN OF YOURS, AND IT IS APPRECIATED.
YOU, HOWEVER, DUE TO YOUR INTEGRAL POSITION WITHIN YOUR ORGANIZATION, WILL BE FREE TO OPERATE PER YOUR OWN DISCRETION.
I WILL WARN YOU, HOWEVER: UNLESS YOU WANT TO SPEND THE REST OF YOUR NATURAL LIFE IN THAT VAULT IN WHICH YOU'RE SO FOND OF IMPRISONING OTHERS, YOU WILL NEITHER PURSUE, SPEAK OF NOR INTERFERE WITH THIS MATTER FURTHER.
IS THAT CLEAR?
YES.
SIR.

HEY, RELAX--WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
I'M SERIOUS THIS TIME...
I HAVE TO KILL IT...I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN.
I HAVE TO KILL IT WHILE I STILL HAVE THE STRENGTH.
KILL... EDDIE?
I'M NOT GONNA LET THAT HAPPEN, LADY.
YOU'LL HAVE TO GO THROUGH ME TO--
NO.
I WON'T.

WHAT--?
WROKK!
NOW THEN, BEAUTIFUL...
...WHERE WERE WE?
EDDIE... NO...

AAAHHH!!
SMACK!
KRACK!



STOP FIGHTING IT...
...STOP FIGHTING US!
WE BELONG TOGETHER.
FOREVER.
AS ONE.

DON'T YOU REALIZE WHAT WE CAN CREATE TOGETHE--
FZZZAAAKK!
WHERE... HAVE YOU BEEN?

I WAS DELAYED.

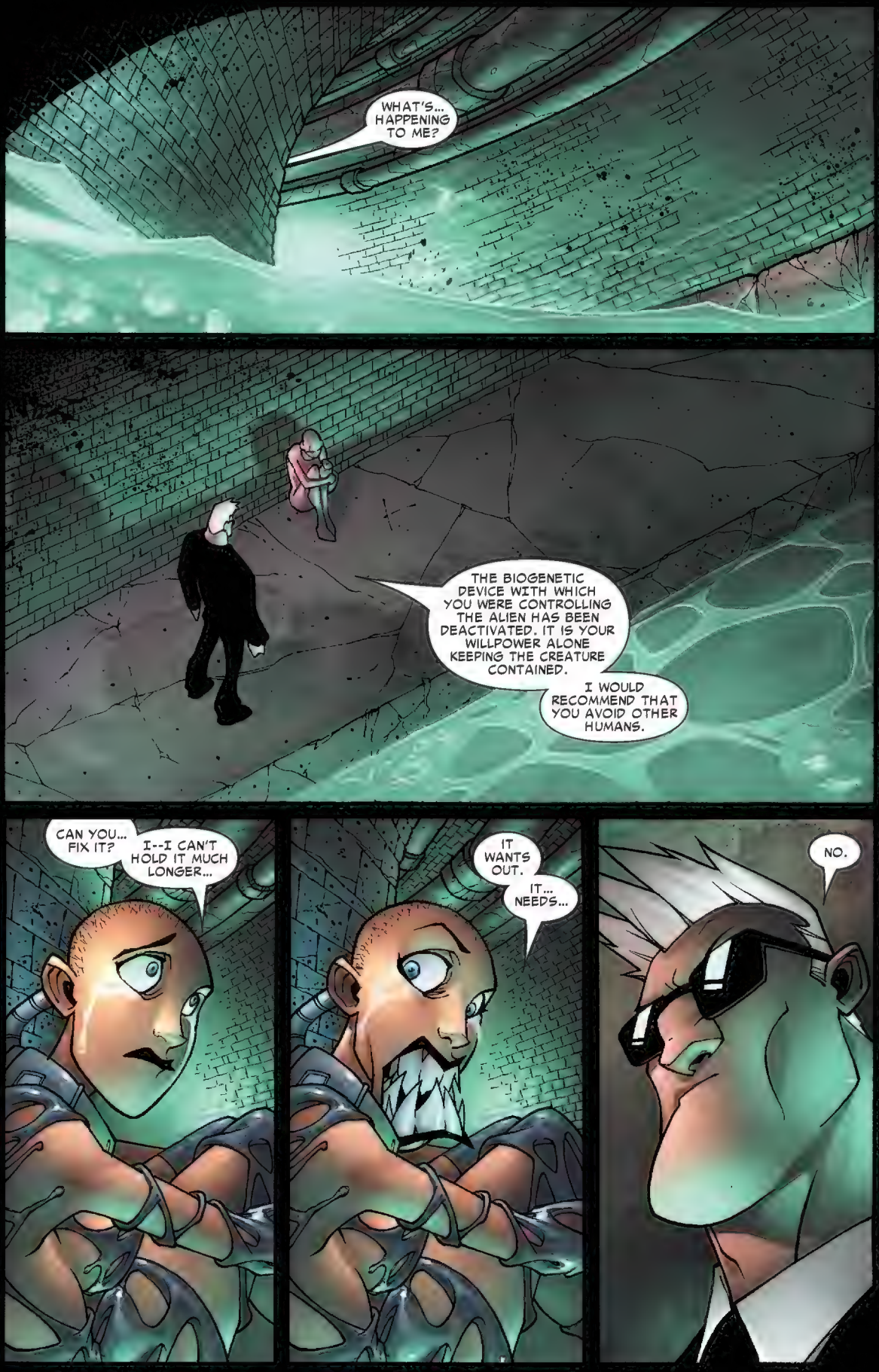
SIXTEEN

NEGATIVE CONTACT--DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING, FRANKIE?
FRANKIE--?
NOTHING HERE, VIC-- WHERE ARE YOU?
SOMEWHERE BETWEEN THE EIGHTY-FIRST BLOCK OF--
NEVER MIND... I SEE YOU.
BY THE WAY, DID YOU KNOW THAT WE'RE CLONES AND THAT BOB CONSIDERS US TO BE COMPLETELY EXPENDABLE?
...WHAT?
KAPOW!

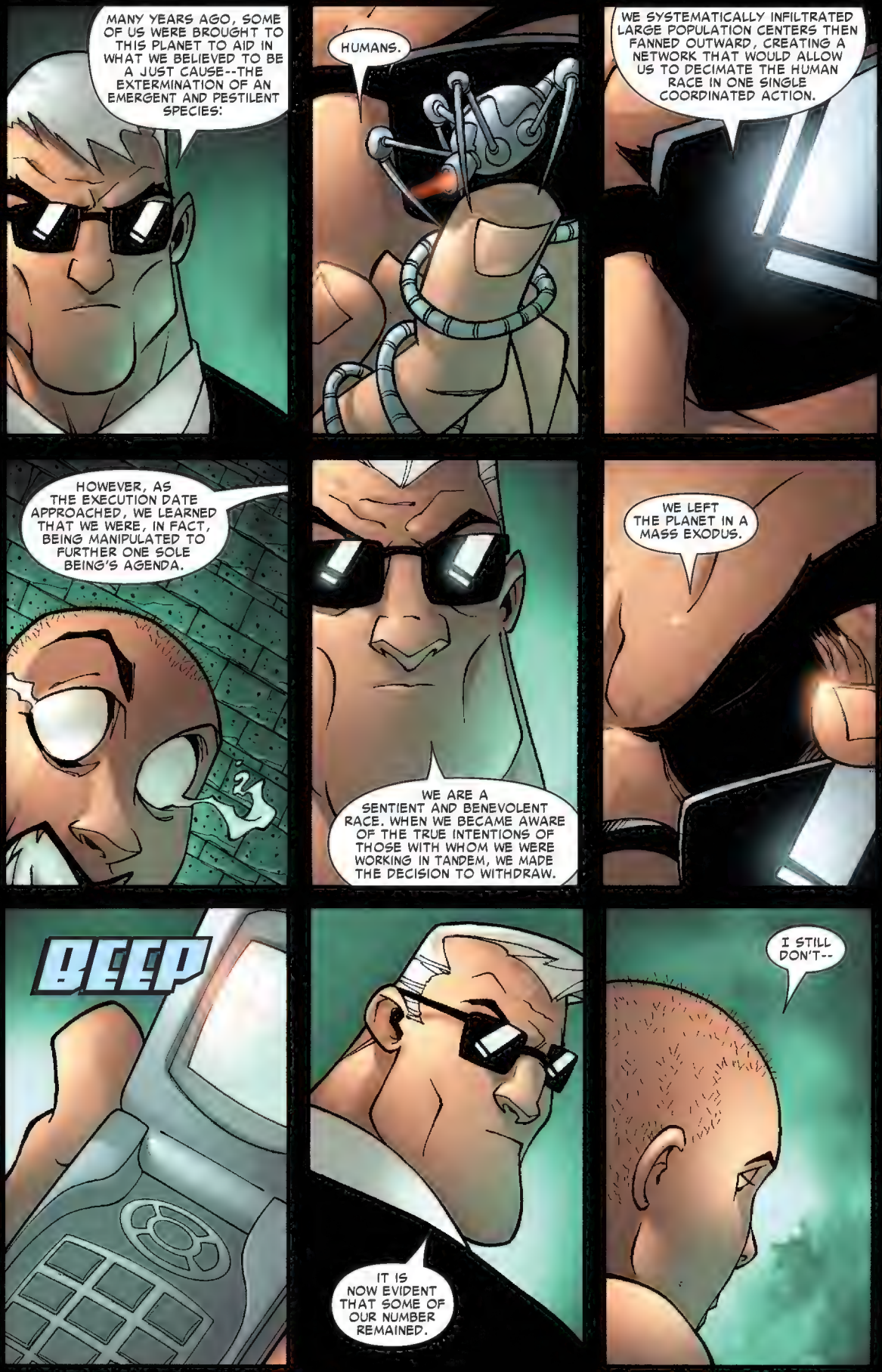
TWIST
PART THREE
NEVER MIND.

BOB TO VIC: WHAT IS YOUR STATUS?
VIC'S DEAD... THIS IS FRANKIE.
I SEE...
YOU DON'T SOUND QUITE LIKE YOURSELF, MY DEAR.
OH, YEAH?
HOW CAN YOU TELL?
KRKT!

BLIP
BLIP
BEEEEEEEP!
I'M GOING TO KILL IT, BOB.
I'M GOING TO KILL YOUR PRECIOUS BABY.


WHAT'S... HAPPENING TO ME?
THE BIOGENETIC DEVICE WITH WHICH YOU WERE CONTROLLING THE ALIEN HAS BEEN DEACTIVATED. IT IS YOUR WILLPOWER ALONE KEEPING THE CREATURE CONTAINED.
I WOULD RECOMMEND THAT YOU AVOID OTHER HUMANS.
CAN YOU... FIX IT?
I--I CAN'T HOLD IT MUCH LONGER...
IT WANTS OUT.
IT... NEEDS...
NO.

AAAAHHHH...
THE UNIT IS NOT DEFECTIVE--IT HAS SIMPLY BEEN DISENGAGED FROM THE SIGNAL THAT KEPT IT OPERATIVE.
I CANNOT MANUFACTURE NOR DUPLICATE THE SIGNAL.
YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE COME TO NEW YORK CITY.
BUT YOU... TOLD ME WHERE TO GO! YOU TOLD ME WHERE THE OTHER ONE WAS AND HOW TO GET TO IT-- EVEN WHEN!
THERE IS SOMETHING THAT YOU SHOULD KNOW: THERE ARE OTHERS LIKE ME.
SEVERAL BILLION, IN FACT.


MANY YEARS AGO, SOME OF US WERE BROUGHT TO THIS PLANET TO AID IN WHAT WE BELIEVED TO BE A JUST CAUSE--THE EXTERMINATION OF AN EMERGENT AND PESTILENT SPECIES:
HUMANS.
WE SYSTEMATICALLY INFILTRATED LARGE POPULATION CENTERS THEN FANNED OUTWARD, CREATING A NETWORK THAT WOULD ALLOW US TO DECIMATE THE HUMAN RACE IN ONE SINGLE COORDINATED ACTION.
HOWEVER, AS THE EXECUTION DATE APPROACHED, WE LEARNED THAT WE WERE, IN FACT, BEING MANIPULATED TO FURTHER ONE SOLE BEING'S AGENDA.
WE ARE A SENTIENT AND BENEVOLENT RACE. WHEN WE BECAME AWARE OF THE TRUE INTENTIONS OF THOSE WITH WHOM WE WERE WORKING IN TANDEM, WE MADE THE DECISION TO WITHDRAW.
WE LEFT THE PLANET IN A MASS EXODUS.
BEEP
IT IS NOW EVIDENT THAT SOME OF OUR NUMBER REMAINED.
I STILL DON'T--

I WILL EXPLAIN FURTHER--
--AS WE WALK.
I... CAN'T...
YES.
YOU CAN.

THE CITY ABOVE.
OKAY, EDDIE...
...WHERE ARE YOU?
THIS IS RIDICULOUS...
TSSSSHHHT!
MAYBE I SHOULD GO TO THE BATHROOM OR SOMETHING--HE ALWAYS CATCHES ME WITH MY PANTS DOWN, ANYWAY--

PARKER!

I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!
THREE SECONDS, PARKER--IF YOU'RE LYING...
WHO--?
THE GUY IN THE SUIT WITH THE PHONE!
FRIEND OF YOURS, HERE TO DO THE DIRTY WORK YOU'RE TOO MUCH OF A PANSY TO DO YOURSELF?
YOU GOT ABOUT NINE SECONDS--WHO IS HE?
...YOU'RE DYING.
I'M NOT LYING TO YOU, EDDIE!

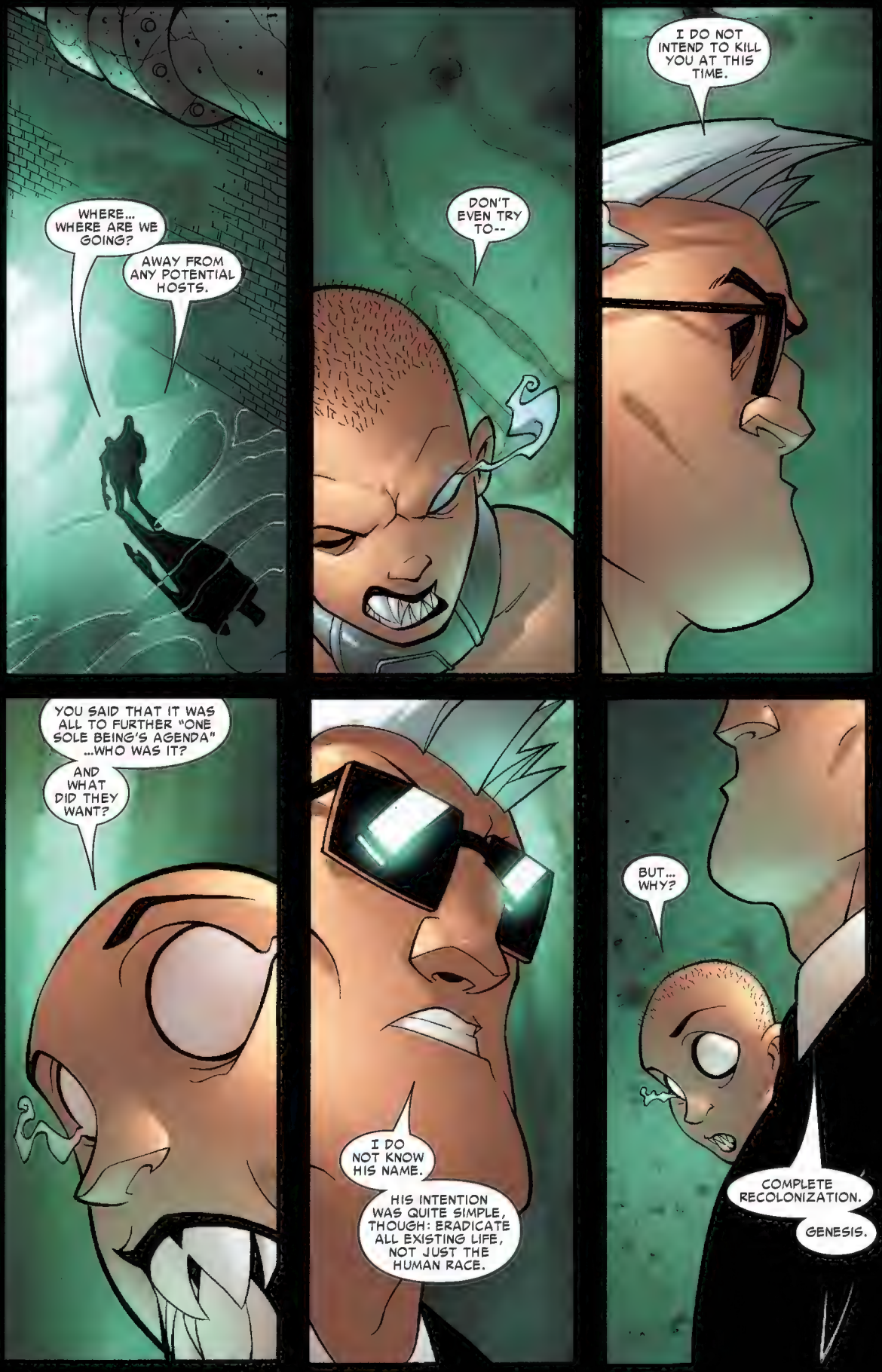
SQLLLK!
HLLLK!
KSSSSH!
OKAY, THEN, PARKER...
...TELL US WHAT YOU DO KNOW.
HNNNG...

GET OUT OF TOWN, EDDIE... GO SOMEWHERE. ANYWHERE.
I NEED TIME TO FIGURE THIS ALL OUT. YOU'RE BETTER-OFF--
HWUK!
YOU DO NOT TELL US ANYTHING ABOUT BEING "BETTER-OFF" PARKER!
THE OTHER SYMBIOTE... WANTS TO KILL YOU.
HEH...
...YOU REALLY DON'T KNOW ANYTHING, DO YOU?
ACTUALLY, EDDIE...
...I KNOW THREE THINGS.

SWOK!
I'M FASTER THAN YOU...
SWOK!
I'M DEFINITELY--
KRAK!
--SMARTER THAN YOU...
...AND I'VE ALWAYS BEEN...

...STRONGER THAN YOU.

HELP...
HEH-HEH...
SAVE ME, SPIDER-MAN...
THAT'S WHAT I'M TRYING TO DO, EDDIE.
GET OUT OF TOWN--GO HIDE. OR--
OR WHAT?
WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO, SPIDER-MAN?
HEH... KILL US?
NO, EDDIE.
I'M GONNA LET SOMEONE ELSE DO THE DIRTY WORK.
I'M TOO MUCH OF A PANSY.


WHERE... WHERE ARE WE GOING?
AWAY FROM ANY POTENTIAL HOSTS.
DON'T EVEN TRY TO--
I DO NOT INTEND TO KILL YOU AT THIS TIME.
YOU SAID THAT IT WAS ALL TO FURTHER "ONE SOLE BEING'S AGENDA" ...WHO WAS IT?
AND WHAT DID THEY WANT?
I DO NOT KNOW HIS NAME.
HIS INTENTION WAS QUITE SIMPLE, THOUGH: ERADICATE ALL EXISTING LIFE, NOT JUST THE HUMAN RACE.
BUT... WHY?
COMPLETE RECOLONIZATION.
GENESIS.

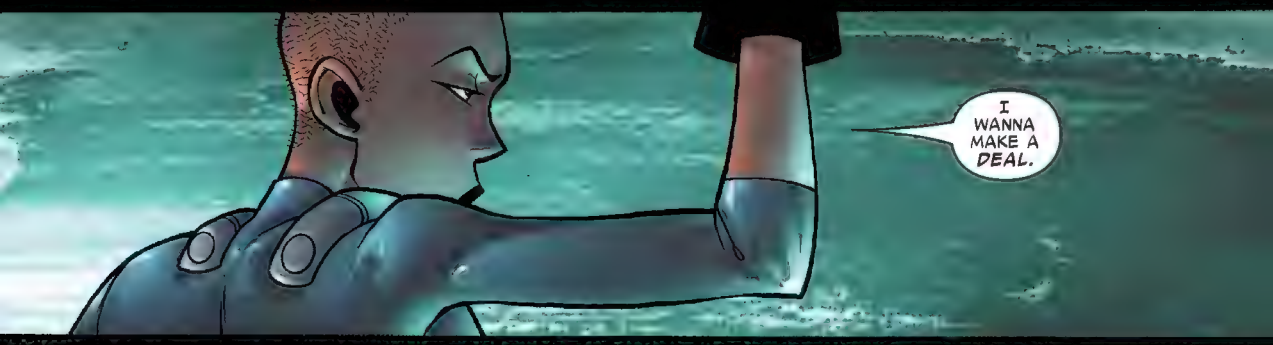
IT IS HIGHLY IMPROBABLE THAT THE MAN WITH WHOM WE INTERACTED YEARS AGO IS STILL ALIVE--SEVERAL GENERATIONS HAVE PASSED FOR BOTH OF OUR RACES.
THEN HOW--?
THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A BREAK IN THE LINES OF COMMUNICATION--POSSIBLY A FORCED BREAK.
FOLLOWING THIS LINE OF THEORY, THOSE WHO WERE STRANDED ON THIS PLANET WOULD HAVE PROCEEDED WITH THE ORIGINAL PLAN OF ERADICATION.
WE ARE INTENSELY COMMUNAL--WE SHARE EVERYTHING. WE ARE ALSO EXTREMELY METHODICAL.
CUT OFF FROM THE REST OF THE SPECIES, THE REMAINING MEMBERS OF OUR RACE WOULD HAVE BECOME DESPERATELY LOW ON POWER WITHIN ONE GENERATION. THEY WOULD HAVE THEN MADE MODIFICATIONS IN ORDER TO ADAPT AND COMPLETE THE INTENDED GOAL.
SO...WHAT YOU'RE TELLING ME IS THAT ALL THIS IS HAPPENING BECAUSE...
...BECAUSE SOMEONE DIDN'T GET THE MESSAGE TO STOP?
IN SHORT, YES.
THE AGENDA IS MOVING FORWARD, NOW UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF A MUTATED FORM OF MY SPECIES.

WE MUST KEEP MOVING--
BUT... WHAT ABOUT...
...THIS?
THE CREATURE INHABITING YOUR BODY WAS PATTERNED AFTER AN ALIEN ALREADY RESIDING ON THE PLANET. IT IS, HOWEVER, SIGNIFICANTLY DIFFERENT IN THAT IT IS--
BUT IF THE PURPOSE OF ALL THIS IS TO RE-POPULATE THE WORLD, WHY CREATE SOMETHING LIKE THIS?
IT WASN'T CREATED TO BE PART OF THE NEW WORLD.

IT WAS CREATED TO END THE OLD ONE.

SEVENTEEN

MY NAME'S FRANKIE--YOU *REMEMBER* ME? *OF COURSE* YOU DO.
LISTEN UP: THIS TUNNEL IS WIRED TO *BLOW*--I PUSH THIS LITTLE BUTTON AND THE WALLS COME DOWN.
ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL TO YOUR RIGHT IS THE *FORTY-SECOND STREET SUBWAY STATION--THOUSANDS* OF COMMUTERS. THOUSANDS OF *POTENTIAL HOSTS.* I'VE BEEN EAVES-DROPPING IN ON YOUR CONVERSATION FOR A WHILE, SO I *KNOW* THAT'S NOT SOMETHING THAT YOU'D WANT TO HAPPEN.
DO I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION? *GOOD.*



TWIST

PART FOUR

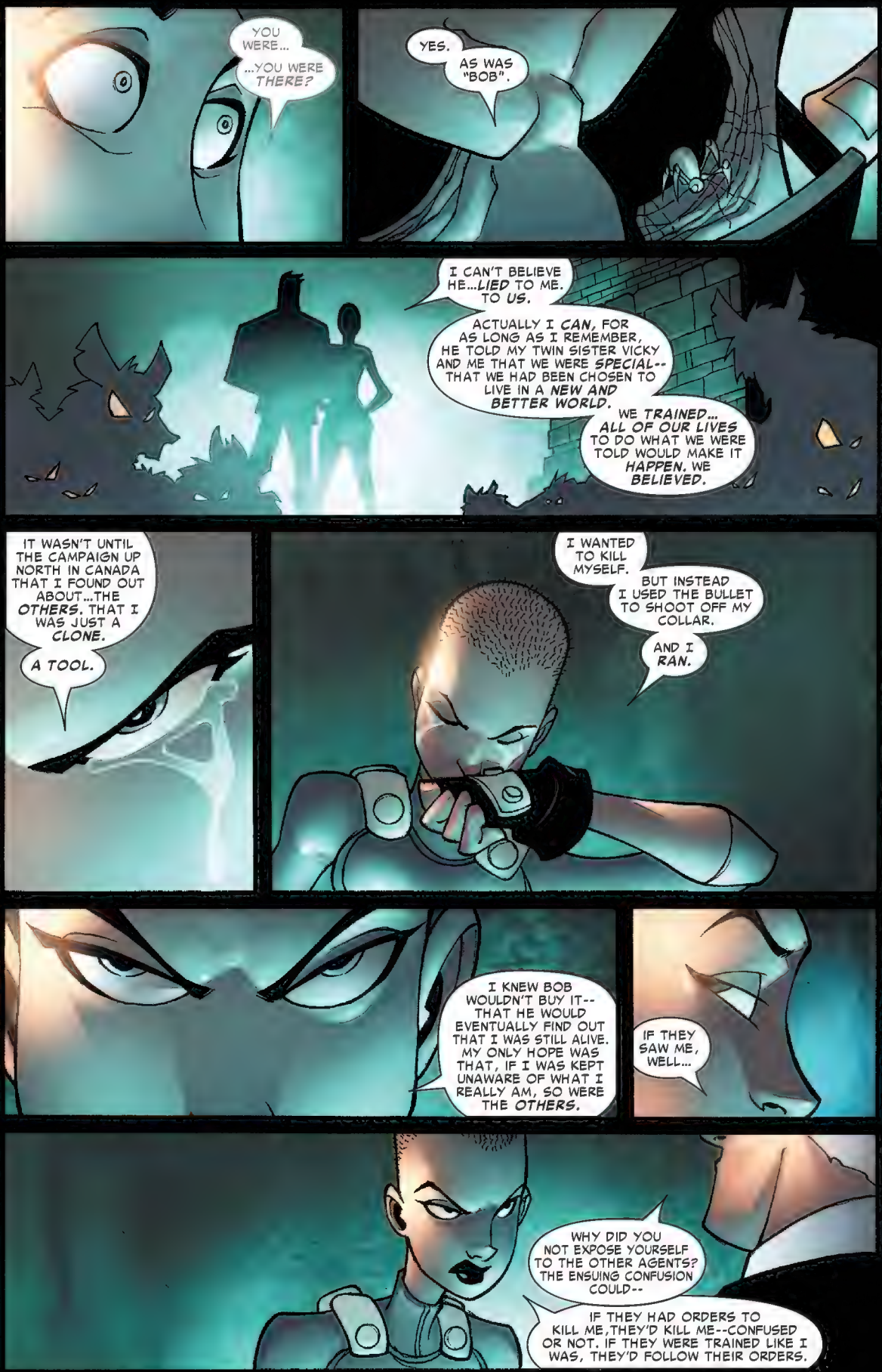
A DEAL?! YOU TRIED TO KILL ME!
GET OVER IT, SWEETIE.
THE BIOGENETIC DEVICE YOU'VE BEEN USING TO CONTROL THE PARASITE IS OFF-LINE...THAT'S WHY YOU CAN'T CONTROL IT.
BUT I CAN FIX THAT.
THE SIGNAL SHIFTS EVERY THREE SECONDS ALONG A PROGRESSIVE ALGORITHMIC PATTERN. NOW, I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE FREQUENCY IS RIGHT AT THIS MOMENT...
...BUT I JUST HAPPEN TO HAVE CUT-AND-PASTED THE ALGORITHM INTO MY TRUSTY LITTLE P.D.A. RIGHT HERE.
JUDGING BY WHAT YOUR FRIEND OVER THERE WAS SAYING EARLIER, I THINK HE CAN CONNECT THE DOTS AND CLEAR UP YOUR LITTLE... CONTROL PROBLEM.
OR...

GIVE ME THE DATA.
NO! SHE'S LYING--SHE'S ONE OF THEM!
SHE IS NOT LYING...I CAN TELL.
WHAT DO YOU WANT IN RETURN?
THE SAME THING AS YOU.
THEN WE HAVE A DEAL.

HHSSSSHHHH!
PLEASE... PLEASE MAKE IT STOP!
OH, GOD... IT'S SLIPPING AWAY-- IT'S GETTING... OUT...
PLEASE MAKE IT GO--
AWAY...

ROBERTSON WILL REMAIN UNCONSCIOUS FOR SEVERAL HOURS-- HER BODY WAS EXHAUSTED.
WE DON'T HAVE THAT KINDA TIME.
BOB WILL KNOW THAT THE COLLAR IS BACK ON-LINE WITHIN THE HOUR... PROBABLY SOONER. WE NEED TO MAKE OUR MOVE NOW.
NO.
WE WILL TAKE NO FURTHER ACTION UNTIL YOU HAVE SUPPLIED ME WITH MORE INFORMATION.
BEGIN WITH "BOB".
WE DON'T HAVE TIME! WE--
I HAVE STATED MY POSITION. IT WILL NOT CHANGE.
FINE.
HAVE YOU READ THE BIBLE?

I AM FAMILIAR WITH IT.
SO, YOU KNOW THE STORY OF NOAH'S ARK...AND THE FLOOD?
YES.
WELL, DON'T BELIEVE EVERYTHING YOU READ.
THE FLOOD NEVER CAME.
YES, I KNOW.
YOU DO?
IT WAS CANCELLED DUE TO INCLEMENT WEATHER.
WHAT YOU REFER TO AS "THE FLOOD" WAS, IN FACT, A COORDINATED ACTION DESIGNED TO ERADICATE THE HUMAN RACE DUE TO THEIR PESTILENT NATURE.
THERE WAS NO WATER INVOLVED, OTHER THAN THE PERIOD OF SEVERE RAIN THAT FORCED US TO RESCHEDULE.
DURING THIS PERIOD, WE BECAME AWARE OF A CELL OF HUMANS WHO HAD BEEN BOTH FOREWARNED AND PROTECTED AGAINST THE ACTION. INVESTIGATING FURTHER, WE LEARNED THAT THE PROTECTION AFFORDED THESE PARTICULAR HUMANS WAS, IN FACT, GRANTED BY THE BEING WHO FIRST COMMISSIONED THE ACTION.
THEREFORE, THE DECISION WAS MADE TO PERMANENTLY CANCEL THE ACTION AND WITHDRAW.
AT THIS POINT, OUR INVOLVEMENT BECAME PROBLEMATIC--WE HAD ENLISTED TO AID IN THE ERADICATION OF A HOSTILE SPECIES, NOT TO UNDERTAKE RELIGIOUS GENOCIDE.


YOU WERE...
...YOU WERE THERE?
YES.
AS WAS "BOB".
I CAN'T BELIEVE HE...LIED TO ME. TO US.
ACTUALLY I CAN, FOR AS LONG AS I REMEMBER, HE TOLD MY TWIN SISTER VICKY AND ME THAT WE WERE SPECIAL--THAT WE HAD BEEN CHOSEN TO LIVE IN A NEW AND BETTER WORLD.
WE TRAINED... ALL OF OUR LIVES TO DO WHAT WE WERE TOLD WOULD MAKE IT HAPPEN. WE BELIEVED.
IT WASN'T UNTIL THE CAMPAIGN UP NORTH IN CANADA THAT I FOUND OUT ABOUT...THE OTHERS. THAT I WAS JUST A CLONE.
A TOOL.
I WANTED TO KILL MYSELF.
BUT INSTEAD I USED THE BULLET TO SHOOT OFF MY COLLAR.
AND I RAN.
I KNEW BOB WOULDN'T BUY IT--THAT HE WOULD EVENTUALLY FIND OUT THAT I WAS STILL ALIVE. MY ONLY HOPE WAS THAT, IF I WAS KEPT UNAWARE OF WHAT I REALLY AM, SO WERE THE OTHERS.
IF THEY SAW ME, WELL...
WHY DID YOU NOT EXPOSE YOURSELF TO THE OTHER AGENTS? THE ENSUING CONFUSION COULD--
IF THEY HAD ORDERS TO KILL ME, THEY'D KILL ME--CONFUSED OR NOT. IF THEY WERE TRAINED LIKE I WAS, THEY'D FOLLOW THEIR ORDERS.

NO, THIS IS THE ONLY WAY I CAN MAKE SURE BOB PAYS FOR HIS LIES...TO DO IT MYSELF.
I HAD TO DUCK VIRTUALLY EVERY STATE AND FEDERAL AGENCY IN TWO COUNTRIES TO GET BACK INTO THE STATES--BOB HAS INFLUENCE EVERYWHERE.
WHY DID YOU NOT TARGET ROBERTSON?
I'M NOT STUPID-- HE MADE THAT THING ONCE, HE CAN DO IT AGAIN.
CORRECT.
THE CREATURE CURRENTLY ATTACHED TO ROBERTSON WAS GENETICALLY SKEWED TO PRODUCE A COLLECTION OF REPRODUCTIVE HORMONES. THESE HORMONES ARE, IN AND OF THEMSELVES, STERILE. BUT, WHEN COMBINED WITH THOSE OF THE ORIGINAL SYMBIOTE--
I KNOW.
LIKE I SAID, I'VE TRAINED FOR THIS MY ENTIRE LIFE. YOUR UNCONSCIOUS FRIEND OVER THERE IS A BRAINLESS STUD--THE KEY TO EVERYTHING LIES WITHIN EDDIE BROCK.
OBVIOUSLY, BOB HAS THE TECHNOLOGY TO CLONE ALMOST ANYTHING--BUT WHAT HE'S AFTER HAS NEVER EXISTED BEFORE. THEREFORE...
AGREED. WE SHALL NOW PROCEED.

TELL ME ABOUT THE ORGANIZATION FOR WHICH YOU WORKED.
BOB CALLS US "THE ARK"--WE OPERATE UNDER *THE ARARAT CORPORATION*...WHICH IS JUST A FRONT. *TONS* OF MONEY. LOTS OF *INFLUENCE*.
AND THE AGENTS?
STATIONED ALL OVER THE GLOBE--TENS OF THOUSANDS OF THEM. INFORMATION IS GATHERED AND SENT TO RELAY STATIONS CONSTANTLY, THEN DISSEMINATED TO AGENTS IN THE FIELD VIA BOB. ALL COMMUNICATIONS--EVEN BETWEEN AGENTS--IS CODED AND *PIGGYBACKED* ALONG SPARE BANDWIDTH INSIDE EXISTING RADIO AND SATELLITE SIGNALS.
THE MAN IS WIRED INTO *EVERYTHING*--EVERY CAMERA FEED, EVERY RADIO AND SATELLITE SIGNAL... *EVERYTHING*. SOONER OR LATER, HE'LL FIND US.
HE WON'T SEND AGENTS BECAUSE OF ME, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THE *NYPD*, *F.B.I.* OR ANY *OTHER* GOVERNMENT AGENCY HE HAS DIRT ON.
I'D SUGGEST THAT WE STAY--
UH, HELLOO...?
WE MUST NEUTRALIZE AS MANY OF BOB'S ADVANTAGES AS POSSIBLE.
I HAVE A PLAN.

...SO I SAYS TO 'IM, "JERRY, DAT AIN'T NO WAY TO TREAT A LADY!"
OH, YEAH?
COMed
SO HE SAYS: "WHAT? DIS AIN'T NO LADY--IT'S MY FRIGGIN' WIFE, FER CRYIN' OUT LOUD!"
HEY, BUDDY! THIS IS A HARDHAT AREA!
COMed
OH--!
CCHZZAAKKT!

WHAT THE--?
WE'RE GETTING A SURGE HERE, MARTY...
...IT'S A BIG ONE.
DUMP IT OVER TO THE DYNAMO AT NIAGARA.
I'M TRYING TO-- OH, CRAP!
IT'S GOING THE OTHER WAY! THE GRID'S BACKING UP!
IT'S GONNA SHUT DOWN!
BUT WE BUFFERED AGAINST THIS--
OH, #*@&...

...NOT AGAIN.

THIS IS A SPECIAL REPORT:
TONIGHT, NEW YORK CITY, AS WELL AS ALMOST THE ENTIRE NORTHEAST QUADRANT OF THE COUNTRY, HAS ONCE AGAIN BEEN PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS, AS ALL ELECTRICAL POWER HAS FAILED.
REPRESENTATIVES AT CON ED HAVE SCHEDULED A PRESS CONFERENCE, WHILE THE MAYOR'S OFFICE HAS ANNOUNCED THAT THE MAYOR HAS SPOKEN TO THE PRESIDENT AND ASSURED THE PEOPLE OF NEW YORK THAT EVERY MAN AND WOMAN OF EVERY AVAILABLE STATE AND FEDERAL AGENCY HAS BEEN CALLED UP TO HELP DURING THE CRISIS.
THE MAYOR'S OFFICE ALSO ASKS THAT YOU PLEASE NOT CALL INTO NEW YORK CITY, AS THE LINES WILL QUICKLY BECOME OVERLOADED.

BOB TO VIC--DO YOU COPY?
BOB TO VIC--DO YOU COPY?
BEEP!
BOB TO FRANKIE--DO YOU COPY?
BOB...? IS EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT?
I'M SURE THAT IT IS.
I JUST HATE TO BE IN THE DARK.

NNNGGG...
WH--?
HELLO?
WHERE AM I?
DON'T BE CONCERNED, MA'AM...

...EVERY-THING IS UNDER CONTROL.
JOHNNY-- IS THE VIDEO COMPLETE?
4

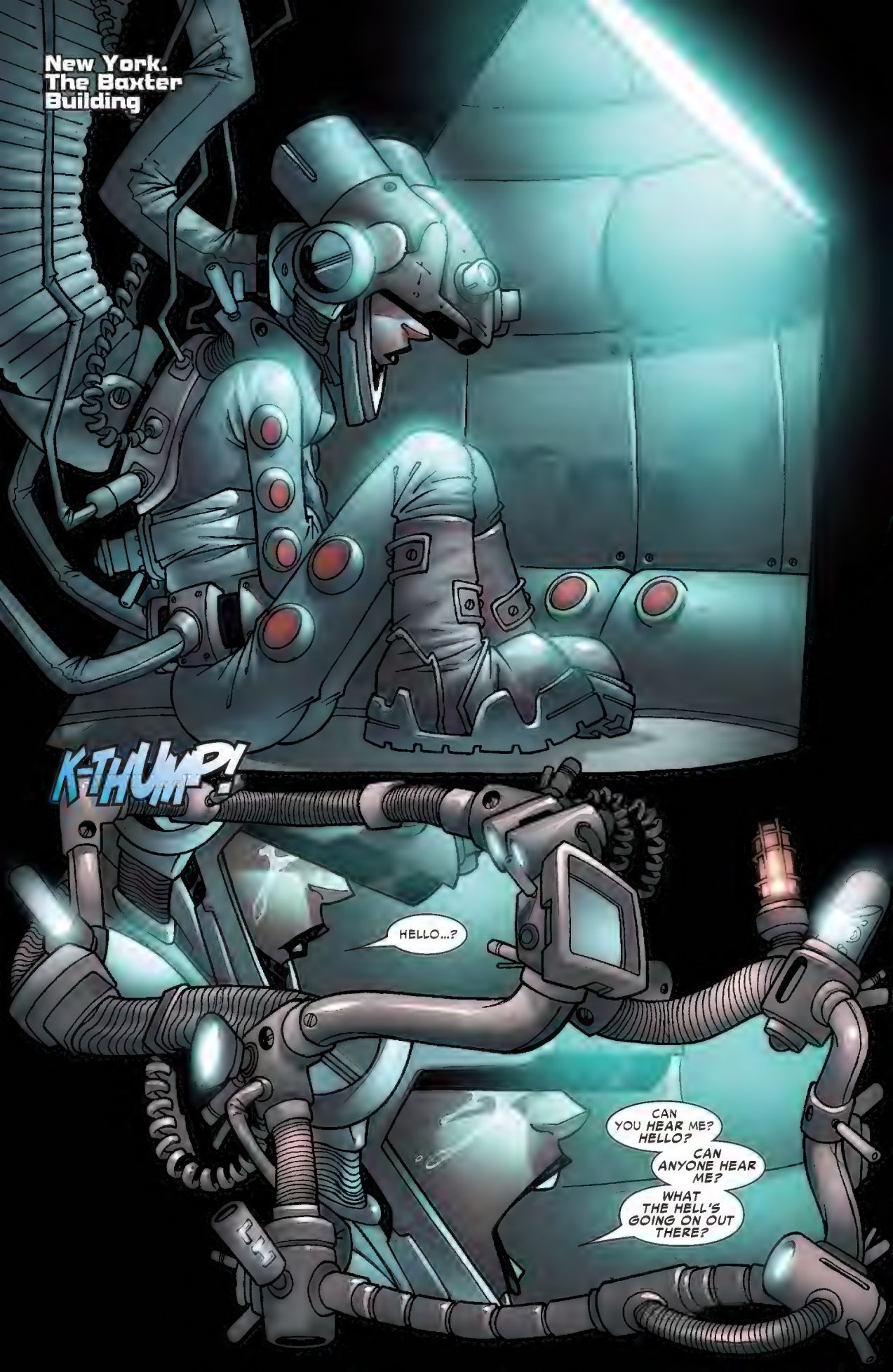
ALMOST-- GOTTA MAKE SURE I LOOK COOL...
DONE!
THANK YOU.

WE MUST MOVE QUICKLY-- WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME!
SUE--HAVE YOU SECURED MY SAMPLES YET?
YES, REED...
COURIER!
WROQ.
NEWS-ROOM.
THIRTY-THIRD FLOOR.
OKAY...

THIS JUST IN TO THE WROQ NEWSROOM:
MOMENTS AFTER THIS EVENING'S BLACKOUT, THE FANTASTIC FOUR BATTLED WITH THE MONSTER KNOWN AS VENOM, EVENTUALLY SUBDUING THE CREATURE AFTER AN AWE-INSPIRING DISPLAY OF HEROISM BY THE HUMAN TORCH.
THE FF HAVE NOT STATED WHETHER OR NOT VENOM IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE POWER OUTAGE, BUT THEY ARE KEEPING THE CREATURE CONFINED AT THE BAXTER BUILDING PENDING AN INVESTIGATION.
MORE AS THIS SITUATION DEVELOPS.

REED!
REED!
LEMME IN!
OH, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE...
ALL RIGHT, THE LAST THING WE NEED TO DO IS--
DEET-DEET-DEET!
HOLD ON...
REED, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT'S GOING ON! THE--
YES, SPIDER-MAN, I DO. NOW PLEASE LEAVE-- WE'RE VERY BUSY.
CLICK
AS I WAS SAYING: THE LAST THING WE NEED TO DO IS--

KRSH!!
--OPEN THE SKYLIGHT.

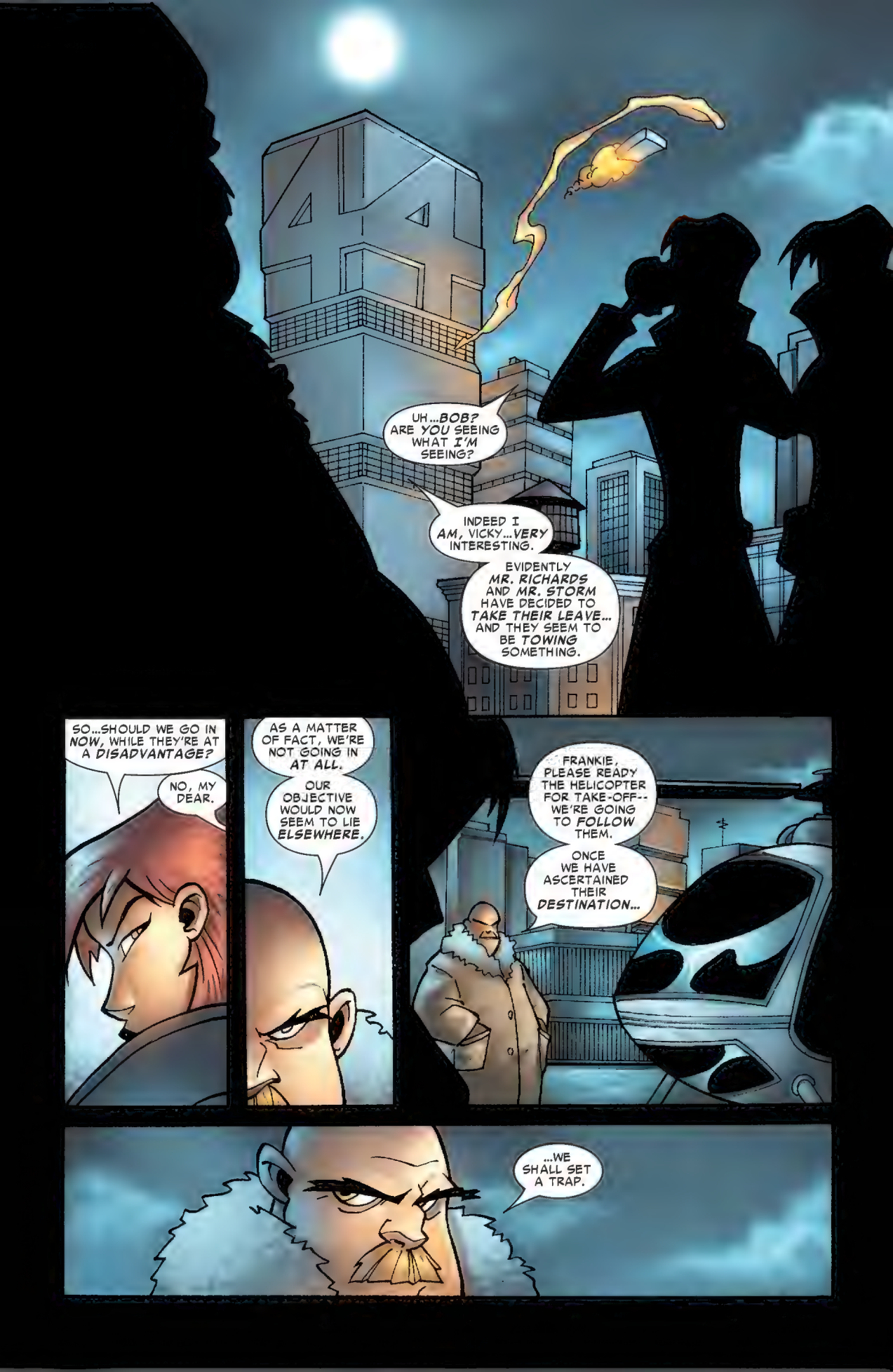

New York.
The Baxter Building
K-THUMP!
HELLO...?
CAN YOU HEAR ME? HELLO?
CAN ANYONE HEAR ME?
WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON OUT THERE?

EVERYONE READY?
YES.
YES.
YEAH... I GUESS SO.
EXCELLENT.
ON MY WORD.

TWIST
PART FIVE
RUN FOR IT!

SSSHHHHT
BEE-BEEP!
WHAT... NO BIG FIGHT SCENE?
PLINK
PLINK
OF COURSE THERE'S A BIG FIGHT--

SCNNNN
FWOOSH
WHAT THE--?
HEY!
HEY!
RELAX, SPIDER-MAN...
SUSAN, WHAT--WHAT'RE YOU DOING?
WHAT WE'RE S'POSED T'DO: KEEP YOU OUTTA THE WAY.
OUTTA THE WAY OF WHAT?


UH...BOB? ARE YOU SEEING WHAT I'M SEEING?
INDEED I AM, VICKY...VERY INTERESTING.
EVIDENTLY MR. RICHARDS AND MR. STORM HAVE DECIDED TO TAKE THEIR LEAVE... AND THEY SEEM TO BE TOWING SOMETHING.
SO...SHOULD WE GO IN NOW, WHILE THEY'RE AT A DISADVANTAGE?
NO, MY DEAR.
AS A MATTER OF FACT, WE'RE NOT GOING IN AT ALL.
OUR OBJECTIVE WOULD NOW SEEM TO LIE ELSEWHERE.
FRANKIE, PLEASE READY THE HELICOPTER FOR TAKE-OFF-- WE'RE GOING TO FOLLOW THEM.
ONCE WE HAVE ASCERTAINED THEIR DESTINATION...
...WE SHALL SET A TRAP.

A TRAP? WHAT KIND OF--
YOU'RE NOT GONNA KILL HIM, ARE YOU?
THIS SITUATION IS BEING HANDLED, SPIDER-MAN...YOUR INTERFERENCE WILL ONLY--
LOOK, YOU GOTTA LEMME TALK TO REED!
REED DON'T HAVE TIME TO TALK--HE'S TAKING THAT SYMBIOTE THINGY TO HIS LAB IN MIDTOWN.
IN OTHER WORDS: HE'S BUSY. SO BEAT IT.
WHAT YOU GONNA DO, HUH? PUNCH ME? GO AHEAD.
ALL YOU'LL DO IS HURT YOUR--
HEYLEMMEGO!

AAAAAHHHH!!
OKEY-DOKEY!
BEN!
AAAAAHHHH!
YOU ARE GONNA CATCH HIM, RIGHT?
OKAY, THEN!
BYE-BYE, SUE!
AND BYE-BYE, FORCE FIELD...

WHUMP!
EDDIE?
EDDIE, YOO-HOO-- WHERE ARE YOU?
EDDIE, IF YOU'RE IN THERE, LISTEN TO ME: YOU NEED TO GET OUTTA HERE.
NOW.
THESE GUYS...ARE NOT PLAYING AROUND.
WHAT A SHAME...
WE LOVE TO PLAY.

KRAKK!
HNN...
NIGHTY-NIGHT, PARKER...
...US GROWN-UPS NEED SOME GROWN-UP TIME TOGETHER.
TO DO GROWN-UP THINGS.
OPEN
ISN'T THAT RIGHT, SWEETIE?

HELLO...?
UH... HELLO? ANYBODY THERE?
WHOA!
Fantastic Four Storage Facility 12
HELLO...?
I AM HERE.
THERE IS SOMETHING I MUST TELL YOU.

THE PEOPLE WHO IMPRISONED YOU IN THIS CONTAINER DID SO UNDER FALSE PRETENSES. THEY NEVER INTENDED TO RELEASE YOU. YOU AND THE OTHER ALIEN WERE TO BE CONTAINED INDEFINITELY AS RESEARCH SUBJECTS.
I FOUND THIS TO BE UNACCEPTABLE.
THEY ARE, HOWEVER, VERY DETERMINED...I DO NOT BELIEVE I WILL BE ABLE TO FURTHER PROTECT YOU. HOWEVER, I MAY HAVE GIVEN YOU ENOUGH TIME TO COMPLETE YOUR GOAL.
YOU HAVE CONTROL OF THE ALIEN ATTACHED TO YOU. USE IT TO YOUR ADVANTAGE.
BUT WHERE...?
TAKE THIS VEHICLE BACK TO THE BAXTER BUILDING--THE COORDINATES ARE PRE-PROGRAMMED.
YOU MUST MOVE QUICKLY.
4
THIS IS ALL SO...CONFUSING--AND I'M SO TIRED. I-I'M NOT EVEN SURE WHAT I'M SUPPOSED TO DO...
YOUR CONFUSION AND FATIGUE ARE UNDERSTANDABLE.
HOWEVER, I AM POSITIVE THAT YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO.
OR, AT LEAST, A PART OF YOU DOES.
4
"NOW GO."

THAT WASN'T TOO HARD...
IT NEVER IS, LADIES--ALL I HAVE TO DO IS BE MYSELF...
...BUT WITHOUT THE CHARM.
WHAT SHOULD WE DO WITH THEM?
AH, YES... OUR UNWILLING GUESTS--
...SO THAT THEY MAY BOND.
--I'LL KEEP THEM ENTERTAINED WHILE YOU FOLLOW YOUNG MISS ROBERTSON.
ONCE SHE IS WITHIN STRIKING DISTANCE OF THE OTHER SYMBIOTE, TAKE HER CONTROL COLLAR OFF-LINE AGAIN...
Y-YOU CAN'T DO THIS--!
OH, DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, MR. RICHARDS-- I PRACTICALLY ALREADY HAVE.

"WHICH LEAVES ONLY ONE LAST LOOSE END...
COME TO PAPA....
VERY WELL.
The Baxter Building.
CHHHZHAKKT!
"I WONDER WHERE HE IS?"
BUT, AS YOU CAN SEE--
--AND TO PARAPHRASE--
--PAPA NOW POSSESSES AN ENTIRELY BRAND-NEW BAG.

I BELIEVE MY ATTEMPT AT LEVITY WAS SUCCESSFUL.
HA.
HA.
INCIDENTALLY, IT IS NOT MY INTENTION TO PROLONG YOUR AGONY...
...I AM SIMPLY WAITING TO RECHARGE SO THAT I MAY COMPLETELY DESTROY YOU.
THWIP
NO!
I...WON'T LET YOU...MURDER HIM.
I DO NOT REQUIRE YOUR PERMISSION...NOR DO I, AT THIS DISTANCE, REQUIRE THE PHONE. IT IS MERELY A CONDUCTOR.
I AM THE WEAPON.

UH... SUE? LOOKS LIKE WE'VE A SITUATION HERE.
I KNOW, I KNOW...BUT I CAN'T RISK LETTING VENOM ESCAPE! REED SAID TO HOLD CONTAINMENT AT ANY COST--!
RIGHT. BUT LORD KNOWS WHAT THIS GUY'S GONNA UNLEASH-- AND SPIDER-MAN'S GOT HIMSELF RIGHT IN THE LINE OF FIRE.
WE'RE GONNA HAVETA SAVE HIM.
BUT...
BUT HOW CAN I--?
WAIT!
IF I CAN CONTRACT THE FORCE FIELD IN TIME--
FFZZZAAAKT!
4

HEH...
HEH-HEH...
HOW ABOUT THAT... SAVED BY THE FANTASTIC FOUR!
AND ALL BECAUSE OF YOU, PARKER.
MAYBE YOU'RE NOT SO USELESS AFTER--
KROOOHM!
WHO--?
IT'S TIME.
"VIC TO BOB: SHE'S WITHIN STRIKING DISTANCE--"

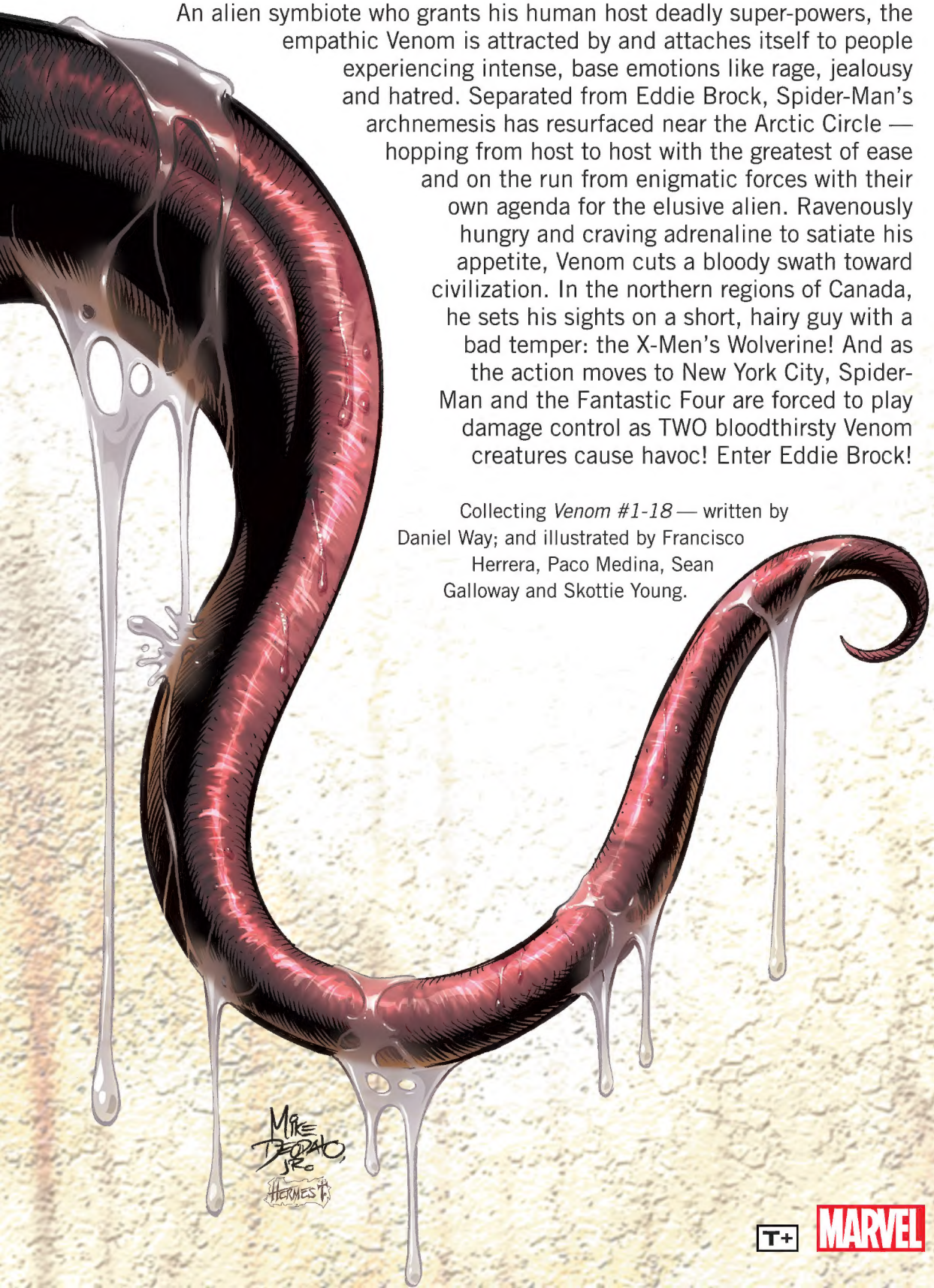
"-- I'M TAKING THE COLLAR OFF-LINE NOW."
AW, C'MON CUTIE...
...IS THAT ANY WAY TO GREET THE LOVE OF YOUR LIFE?
I DON'T HAVE A LIFE...NOT ANYMORE.
AND NEITHER SHOULD... YOU...?
NNNOOOOOO!
YESSSS...
VIC TO BOB:

"MISSION ACCOMPLISHED."

FINALLY...
FINALLY...
...WE HAVE BECOME MORE.
SO... MUCH... ...MORE.
EDDIE... WAIT...
HAHAHA HAHAHAHA HAHAHA!
4

WHAT NOW, BOB?
NOW?
WE WAIT.
"BUT NOT FOR LONG."
THE...END?

A CHILLING RETURN!



An alien symbiote who grants his human host deadly super-powers, the empathic Venom is attracted by and attaches itself to people experiencing intense, base emotions like rage, jealousy and hatred. Separated from Eddie Brock, Spider-Man's archnemesis has resurfaced near the Arctic Circle — hopping from host to host with the greatest of ease and on the run from enigmatic forces with their own agenda for the elusive alien. Ravenously hungry and craving adrenaline to satiate his appetite, Venom cuts a bloody swath toward civilization. In the northern regions of Canada, he sets his sights on a short, hairy guy with a bad temper: the X-Men's Wolverine! And as the action moves to New York City, Spider-Man and the Fantastic Four are forced to play damage control as TWO bloodthirsty Venom creatures cause havoc! Enter Eddie Brock!

Collecting *Venom #1-18* — written by Daniel Way; and illustrated by Francisco Herrera, Paco Medina, Sean Galloway and Skottie Young.

T+

MARVEL